REWOP

True Power and Its Quintessence

REWOP?

If you'd ask anyone what power means to them, you'll hear the usual:
strength, prestige, wealth, family, control, status, clout.
Then look at em—all those people with diverse forms and variations of strength, or those with great prestige, vast wealth, sprawling families, tight control, and/or towering status.
Do these individuals have power? Maybe.
But do they have power over you? Ask yourself that.
And if they do—why?
And who decided, that this was the true definition of power anyways? Politicians?

If we're being honest, some old n' wrinkled, possibly impotent, fat fuck who stumbled into office ain't gonna dictate much of your life.
Neither's a celebrity, an influencer, a billionaire, your boss, your lawyer, or a cop—unless your own mind allows it.
So if power depends on your own damn perception, your own values, your own philosophy or spirituality or mentality...then does power even exist?

This ain't no book. Perhaps it ain't even a real manifesto.
Perhaps it's merely some sort of dedication to power itself. To the power in everyone and in everything. And so this work right here is, at least to me, the creator of these words, entirely neutral. No matter how it may be perceived. Just as power is perceived while remaining essentially neutral.

Now, I'm no philosopher, no artist, no ruler. I'm just someone. Nobody special.
And right now, I'm just chillin, typing these words and shit. So that's that.
But thank God I am me. Cause I'd never wanna be anyone else or trade my life for another's.
And with this, I present my own perspective, my own experiences and encounters with what I call power. Everything written here is real. Things I did and experienced. Allegedly.

Yet independent of philosophy's endless and exhausting masturbations, I can say, for my part, that power does exist.
In gentleness, in harshness, in the mundane, in the extraordinary.
Power does not merely act. Power is.

And power doesn't have to be loud, garish, deep, shrill, majestic, big, or small.
Power is personal, intimate, subjective and objective at once.
Whoever sees power solely as a violent, eruptive, and obvious force is, in my opinion, mistaken. Power is neither alternative nor politics, excuse, defense mechanism, or tyranny.

Power is natural. But ain't everything natural?
Power expresses itself through itself. Through its archetypal language that unites the intense, the beautiful, as well as the so-called ugly, the animalistic or bestial, and the human—with the fundamental, existential, and universal core of its essence.

REWOP!

The other day, as I lay in bed with a good friend—fucking, smoking, and talking—Shawty randomly asked me at some point whether I'd ever write another book. So I told her fine ass. I said hell nah. This right here is my final literary work. It concludes my writing endeavors. Again, no damn book, maybe not even a real manifesto. But a short work. A thing.
And yet it remains the most direct, honest, and at the same time simplest thing I've ever written. Thus, within my personal literary output, there's no reason to continue. I prefer other forms of art and see greater pleasure and value in engaging with subtler yet more intense forms of creative richness when it comes to my own artistic practice.
Cause, frankly, I love fucking art itself.
And the art world happily lets itself be fucked by me and it masturbates alongside its artists to my works. That's why art and culture remain the two companions of my path.

Rewop—as you, genius, have probably already figured out—is "power" spelled backwards. There's nothing deep or profound about that shit. In a world of misleading languages and definitions, in a world where power is misunderstood and twisted, power isn't always recognizable at first glance. But it's palpable.
It's tangible. And it's visible. In your own experiences.
And above all, in the paths of existence.

You yourself know the power within your own personal experiences, your adventures, and your perspectives. And perhaps you can speak of it too.
Only you know it, right?

I see power in the delicacy of a breeze, in the rising and falling stars, in fire spreading between the dances of the seas, the frenzies of the winds, and the trembling of the earth. Because power is fun. The thrill of intensity, of beauty, of cruelty, of humor, and even of seriousness.
I see power in fuckin, in a good fight, in a fine intoxication, in pleasure and good entertainment, in violence, in the moment a knife is drawn, in dance, in music, and in the playful movements of art and culture.
Yet above all, I see power in power itself.
Omnipotence.
A cosmos and an existence fundamentally animalistic, pure.
All the juices of nature, the ripeness and the blood that flows—the rotting and dead, the newborn, the dying and the living.
What is prestige, status, a slip of paper in the face of such violence?

And yet, life demands to be lived.
Whether atheistic, spiritual, religious, mystical, occult, agnostic, or philosophical—they all see power.
And so does the animal kingdom. And is man not just another beast in an infinitely bestial cosmos? Imagine the unfathomable vastness of space. Look at the stars at night.

What monstrous and strange being would create, sustain, and destroy such a raw, peculiar universe? Maybe some immortal entity adrift in eternal void.
But let us not philosophize. Ain't no God, no religion, no spirituality, no nothing in power.

All these words are meant to illuminate the tangible. For all the unfathomable phenomena—the so-called metaphysical and mystical properties of natural existence—need not, in my view, reign in some other alien fuckin dimension or whatnot, but in this one right here.
Visible or invisible, graspable or elusive:
The necessary, fundamental, and thus natural must be tangible here and now for everything and everyone, whether in overt or subtle form.

I was told that as a toddler, I would sometimes rise at night or dawn, leave my childhood bedroom, spray shaving foam across the bathroom, or carve holes into the family's fabrics and clothes.
Not out of any goodwill—nor even malice.
Simply because. And I myself remember those earliest years of both creative and destructive curiosity.
To me, mere existence has always been bound to the power of freedom.
And how simple, how subtle and mundane power could be.

When I was like six or seven years old, I had a friend the same age, and we often ran around together and stole shit and whatever.
One day, while he was staying overnight at my place, I pulled his pants down for fun as he was brushing his teeth.
The boy complained loudly and yanked them back up, which amused me.
So I pulled them down again.
He started crying.
I didn't understand why the fuck he was crying, but the fact that he was made that shit even more hilarious, I ain't gonna lie.
As he tried to pull them pants up again, I tugged them back down, and he burst into loud sobs.
Now, that shit wasn't just funny to me—it was damn bizarre at the same time.
One of my mother's friends came into the bathroom and comforted him.
She asked me how I'd feel if someone did that to me.
I had to hold back from laughing.
I didn't get why he was crying.
If it were me, I'd just pull my pants back up and punch him if he tried it again.
But crying though? For real?

To this day, the whole thing still seems absurd to me.
And yet, in those moments when my friend started crying because I yanked his damn pants down, I felt something—a kind of sensation and amusement that could only be power.
But it was like a childish, yet kingly, kind of joy. It was hilarious.

Round the same age, maybe a year or two later, we were drawing pictures with crayons in school. I sat there with my three friends and we drew. One of em niggas was slightly overweight. So I drew pictures of him and his fat ass family, exaggeratedly bloated, of course. My friend didn't really like that too much so he complained. I found it all very amusing, so I kept drawing and insulting him while I did it. I suppose I must have hurt his feelings at some point or some shit cause he asked me again to stop. So I told him I would stop—but it would cost him our friendship. And so, out of loyalty to that friendship, my friend let me keep making fun of him and his family. This, too, was absurd. But, goddamnit, I felt that same amusement again. That same kind of joy and its silly yet earnest power.

All of this might sound relatively concerning to others.
But if it really is concerning, then it's concerning to find it concerning.
What's wrong witchall? Children are children.
In my childhood, I was never beaten, abused, put up for adoption, or neglected. But I knew from the very beginning that I was like built different for real—though for me, that was normal. I always felt normal. Natural. I still do. Ain't no doubt about it.
Back then, my parents and the school system, however, seemed to see it quite differently. The circumstances weren't perfect, nor were they always good, but they weren't tragic either.
Early on, my father separated from the family. I wouldn't say I was particularly neglected, but my mother seemed to be going through her own shit—depression, work, mood swings, stress—so I spent a lot of time with my sister, my friends, or just myself.
Maybe I never understood family. Because I never even cared about granny, my cousins, my aunt, or my own father—who might not have cared much about me either, or didn't feel ready to take on the responsibility of being a father. Who knows?
But maybe I understood friendship just as little as I understood family.
I never saw much reason to stick around with anyone long-term, and I didn't know what friendship truly meant.
Still, I understood early on that what people call friendship might just bring amusement, entertainment, and profit.
So I figured it was the same with friends as with family:
Amusement. Entertainment. Profit.

Just as a child realizes it gets food from its parents, it later realizes it can get good entertainment and other benefits from people.
My friends and I stole a lot, threw stones, got into fights now and then, eventually started fires, and did all kinds of pointless things kids do.
It didn't take long before I engaged in pointless little power games with my friends, terrorized them now and then, or hurt them physically and psychologically.

We put ourselves and each other in danger. Creative, maybe childishly naive—yet serious—danger. Maybe all this shit may in some way be related to the prototypical phenomenon of L'enfant terrible.

Childhood has a naturally childish, yet sincere, kind of power.

And though my childhood was chaotic, I enjoyed it along with my adolescence—my first time at seventeen in some tent with some girl—and so, that same year, sometime in autumn, I slit open an animal's body and gutted it because I was bored that evening and wanted to know what it felt like to disembowel a living being.

I never had anything against animals. I never will.
I love animals, people, plants, nature. But I can just as easily erase what I love.
And this lies in the nature of every living thing.

From childhood to late adolescence, power was like a breeze drifting through my path.
Power was always one with my freedom, my individuality, my love for nature and truth.
Nothing else mattered to me but my own freedom, my own power, my own will, and the law of doing what I pleased above all else. And this never changed.

Even today, I say this remains unshaken.

With the first fuck, the sense of power intensified.
And now, in adulthood, when the mind is fully formed and experience counts as true education, it's clear who I am—who I've always been.
So I can, will, and could never regret anything I've ever done.
I can, will, and could never feel bad for my actions, my thoughts, my words, or my existence.
I merely follow my nature.

Yet I learned early that in the society we live in, laws and rules—like guards keeping the masses in check—stand in the way of attempting true freedom.

So, of course, I was punished. For breaking them damn rules, detention, anger from parents and family, therapy sessions, bans. But my instinct to bypass all of it was already there.
So I learned to wield my skills more precisely to evade punishment.

Moderation makes the difference. Do the same thing too often, too repetitively, and the mechanisms of social rules will cause problems. It's almost certain.

I've seen acquaintances and friends get arrested. Sometimes you recognize or hear about once-familiar faces in the worst places—now homeless, or drug-addicted, or neglected, or fresh out of prison, or dead.

I've been arrested too, wasting unnecessary time in cells and other hypocritical state institutions. I've been in a psych ward. I've been to jail.
But thank God, not for long. And thank God, not often.

Because if they arrested me for every so-called "boundary-crossing" or "crime," they should've locked me up for good long ago and never let me out that bitch.

Had I failed most of the time, I'd still be locked up now—or maybe not even getting out that motherfucker at all.
But wouldn't it be the same for many? And if not, it don't matter.
Fuck it, nigga.
I said rules that bear no purity within them are merely game rules.
And game rules can be broken as long as you play free of rules.

The true master of those laws is the potentially illegalistic will, composed of Spiritus, Eros, and Thanatos.
And just as a drop of Eros lies within Thanatos, so too does a drop of Thanatos lie within Eros.
And Spiritus, the individual itself with its power, wields Eros and Thanatos as its arms—for play, for creation, for transformation, and even for destruction.
But Spiritus simply is. Spiritus only plays when Spiritus wills to play.
And so, my dear readers and crooks and bitches and pimps and tricks and junkies and perverts and rookies and killers, the game is already won.

In a society like this, where cowardice, hypocrisy, and falsity masquerade as authority—in such a society, laws must be broken.
In such a society, the masses of moralists behave like fascists, no matter how "liberal" or "democratic," how "right" or "left" or "conservative" they claim to be.
In such a world under such laws, the collective seeks to imprison itself—and me and you—for merely being who we are. Literally. They even tell you that certain people, simply for existing as they were born, should be locked away or "fixed." And all too often, we've heard of tyrannical systems, of laws that allowed starving hands to be chopped off for stealing dates to eat, and of wise men and women hunted as "witches" and "sorcerers" by lunatic ass fools.

Moral doctrines and laws enforced by political governance hold no true worth.
They're yet more games—game rules that can be broken.
The winner is the one who sometimes plays free of rules, and other times refuses to play at all—because they don't have to.
The winner is the one who does what he wants.

THE TRIANGLE

True power acts, interacts, and reacts according to its fundamental existence.
That's why power does nothing other than exist.
Because the individual—and often conditioned, if not outright programmed—mind may wonder what power truly is, the gloriously chaotic essence of true and absolute power can best be illustrated through its three heads:

POWER AS APEX PREDATOR

The main head, the center of power, is embodied by the apex predator.

Just as the tiger is equipped with the camouflage of its fur, its fangs, its agility, its brutality, its claws, its speed, and its intelligence—as well as its mentality—so too is true power adorned with all patterns, strengths, talents, means, and weapons, fulfilling its very existence.

Yet the apex predator is like all predators of all worlds united as one being.
He employs both cunning and violence.
The predator's violence may be hot-blooded, cold-blooded, or neutral—if not even mixed in nature. This is often due to circumstances, motives, and means.

Free from shame, fear, morality, and prejudice, the apex predator moves beyond any restrictive, hypocritical, and tribalistic aspects of self-limiting nature. Much like the virus and the parasite, the mentality of the apex predator is devoid of any complex emotions or realms of feeling. It possesses only the few—yet entirely sufficient—emotional layers, alongside the necessary forms of atmospheric perception, its sharp instincts, and intuition. It ain't no emotional being. Either it goes its own way and amuses itself, or it stalks, hunts, fucks, fights, dominates, or kills. It does what it wants and takes what it believes is its due.
And in its mind, everything belongs to it.

The apex predator reflects the dominion of nature—a rule that transcends even nature's own harmony and order.
Thus, the apex predator is itself the king, the crown, and the dominion of nature:
Primordial, timeless, chaotic, pure, and absolute in the here and now.

When the apex predator tears into its prey, the prey does not survive.
Yet in some cases, it unleashes its other forces—the virus and the parasite.

POWER AS VIRUS

To the left of the apex predator stands the head of the virus.

While the apex predator can't bother with the complex and often nonsensical mechanisms of the masses, it is the damn virus that nests itself into minds, systems, conventions, conditions, and the behavioral patterns of potential prey.

The virus infiltrates. It unleashes its forces within the system or the prey and neutralizes its victim.

The prey itself rarely notices, cause the virus enchants the entire system through instinctive means of replication and nourishment. In doing so, the prey benefits from certain energies fed into the system during the viral takeover.

The virus does not directly influence the system—no ideologies or behaviors are transferred to the prey.

Instead, the prey is merely numbed, weakened, subdued, or neutralized by viral energies to sustain the virus's nourishment.

By amplifying certain energies tied to the ideological, emotional, or mental realm of the system, the virus weakens defense mechanisms within both the system and the prey, ensuring that certain actions and interactions of the virus are automatically misinterpreted or perceived as harmless.

Here, the virus can exploit confusion or unleash the parasite—the right head of the apex predator.

Often, the virus is only recognized as such once the prey is already overwhelmed.

Sometimes, by then, the parasite has already taken hold.

POWER AS PARASITE

To the right of the apex predator stands the parasite.
Unlike the virus, which invades a system and nests within it, the parasite disguises itself according to the desires and perceptions of the system it seeks to occupy. It then infiltrates through deliberate yet instinctive manipulation, learning certain mechanisms of the now-occupied system to refine its disguise further—allowing it to leap from host to host.

Just as a host often realizes too late that they've been infected by a virus, they usually recognize the parasite's presence just as belatedly. This is cause the parasite not only moves through the system cloaked in camouflage but also influences it so thoroughly that the system begins adapting to the parasite's nature.
Gradually, the system reshapes itself into a kind of playing field.

The parasite employs diverse masks, confusions, and heightened emotions—manipulating atmospheres and frequencies to solidify its connection with the host. In doing so, it slips seamlessly into whatever role aligns with the host's expectations.
At times, this dynamic may take on quasi-symbiotic traits.

Yet in many other cases, the system grows accustomed to certain characteristics, preferences, aversions, reactions, or side effects introduced by the parasite. The host rarely notices that rich energies—which they would naturally nourish themselves with—are being stolen and repurposed by the parasite.

When the parasite jumps to another system, it carries with it acquired skills and refined tools for manipulation, deploying them strategically to ensure its own survival.

POWER WITHIN EMPTINESS

Power is both physical and psychological, if not metaphysical. Let's get into this, aight?

When we focus on its essence, it operates in the cosmos as well as in nothingness.
But what the fuck does all that shit mean in tangible form now?
It means true power is not merely potent when it possesses prey and feeds—rather, it is self-sufficient, sustained by itself alone.
Power is.
And if we imagine power in the form of omnipotence, we can envision it as a colossal energy field amidst absolute void.
What sustains this power when there is nothing but the void?
It does not feed. It exists. And because it exists, it perpetuates itself through itself and through the void into infinity.
This ain't some isolated, nihilistic, or solipsistic thought.
This is not even philosophy. Not at all.
It's pure, active, living power within a breathing, vital void.
And through this very force, through its movement, the cosmos manifests from the void.
Thus, power commands even the emptiness.
True power, then, does not remain potent merely through circumstances, conditions, gifts, or external influences. True power remains potent within itself, surrounded by nothing.

Sometimes I experience sudden surges of energy—an almost intoxicating sensation of power.
Mostly sober, but sometimes high, faded, in an altered state brought about by some good ol drugs, you feel me?
It's a notion of aggressive majesty, a blood-rush of cosmic scale or some sort.
As if, in ecstasy, one could tear apart the universe.
And yet, it's more like an eternally glowing flame in a lake of meditative and universal emptiness.
A harmony beyond description.
It's also an awareness of the power of the self, independent of external circumstances.
Not just pride. But more like knowing that one needs nothing but oneself.
For the ways of nature, of the self, and of one's own natural motion automatically strengthen, bless, cleanse, nourish, nurture, and sustain one's existence.
That's why power remains in death and in life, so that one need fear neither living nor dying.
The powerful know they've long been dead. And yet, they're immortal.
They live forever. And simultaneously, them niggas dead already.
That's why power endures—in life, in death, and beyond both.

POWER WITHIN ABUNDANCE

What about abundance and the cosmos, the world we all live in?
Because the truly powerful carry the independence of power within themselves, they can enjoy the abundance of the external world all the more without clinging to the fruits of the universe.

The masses often confuse power with control.
Yet the controller has no power. They pass power to the one they must control.

The state has no power, cause the state got shit to do.
Where is the time left for me to exercise my power if I gotta surveil someone?
What if I must surveil those who surveil others for me?
Then must I not keep myself guarded as well?
But then I also gotta surveil those who surveil me, right?
This means, in the end, I'm safe from nobody and may even have to isolate myself from others.

That shit ain't power though. It's the trap of abundance, of fullness.

The ordinary person does not truly grasp power. Man, even the word "power" been worn out like yo granma cooch, boy. "Power" has lost all meaning. That's why we reppin **Rewop**.

Think about it:
Humans and animals want to experience the world and existence itself to the fullest.
They want to perceive, to feel, to enjoy.
And sometimes, they want power. Not always. But now and then.

A fundamental, tangible power is within everyone's grasp—in the form of emotion, love, sensation, or mere existence. Yet to be powerful, to be one and remain one within that power, is for most beings both impossible and unnecessary.
At its core, it's really just about existence itself.

Here, power is the dominion of existence—or the dominion over existence.
Yet existence inherently governs itself, even if that governance isn't always forceful.

What I'm trynna say is this: ain't no wonder why power is misunderstood or misinterpreted. Least of all is it surprising when individuals and masses allow themselves to be ruled, guided, and manipulated by their emotions, value systems, their conditioning, and their conventions.

In a system where entire masses are brainwashed—and that brainwashing itself was constructed by brainwashed individuals—absurd things happen that quickly lead to misunderstandings.
Ideologies of politics, religion, culture, morality, value, or belief become traps, alongside the other snares of emotion, experience, or conditioning. It's crazy.

I ain't even got a problem with governance, nor do I even remotely have any goddamn problem with the absence of governance. Both statehood and statelessness can be my customers, my clients, my colleagues, and above all, my servants. Society can blow me. Because neither system hinders me in the slightest from living and celebrating the power of my freedom.

I am neither an agent of the state nor of statelessness. I represent myself. Only.
It's always been that way.

But what does all of this have to do with power in abundance?
Well, power is only sustainable and tangible in the rich yet simultaneously independent enjoyment of abundance.
To indulge, to dominate, to rule—but not to control.
For many an arrogant yet laughable crook or commoner, with or without gold, has already turned himself into an addict, a control freak, an anxious tyrant, the powerless, a bitch, or a coward ass ho. Yet their so-called prey became their master.

In fullness, there is everything that exists in emptiness—only now manifest in a form that serves as a playground, as pleasure, and as prey.
Therefore, the meaning and purpose is to indulge and live out that abundance in all its richness but without compulsively clinging to it. Instead, with its inherent intensity, to take what one wants, to seize and devour it, then let it drift away—to gorge, fuck, and tear into all that this fullness offers.
Unless driven by a specific and peculiar appetite for temporary pleasure, any form of serious control is nothing but a lazy ass excuse for the neurotic, obsessive weakness—fear, shame, or powerlessness—of those who wield it.
Pure power still means freedom.
And in compulsion and control, no freedom can be found.

But let's not waste our sweet time talking bout them countless pitiful and cowardly figures who, ironically, are often weaker than the individuals or even the masses they try to control.
Let's speak of power in abundance instead.
Everything can be an object of desire, prey, a playing field, an instrument, or a weapon.
You only need to want it and make it useful to you.
But the richest forms of prey lie in the simplest:

Sex. Life. Violence. Death. Motion. Intensity.
It's a realm of endless and recurring pleasures, familiar and foreign, a universe of countless joys and states of ecstasy.
Ain't no values, ideologies, or notions of right and wrong taint this power.
It's movin slow and smooth. Creepin. Until it catches you off-guard. Like a thief in the night.
So take what you want and leave what you don't need.
Enjoy nature, technology, industry, the streets, buildings, ruins, temples, flesh, machines, electricity, and plants, the waters and lofts, the bandos and traps, the galleries, the museums, hotels, villas and castles, the shacks, the hood and the Airbnbs, the jets, trains, planes and the stars above, the visible and invisible, the eternal and temporary.

You wanna snap? Snap. Crash out then. You wanna die? Kill yourself.
You wanna get revenge? Do it. You wanna abort that baby? Abort it then.
Some opp step up? Who you? A little bitch? Show him. You's a woman and your man cheatin? Cheat on him, make him jealous, break his heart, bitch—or walk away.
Take what you want.
You some bitchless neckbeard ass loser? Go out and get pussy, puto, or shoot up a mall or some shit. You broke? Get money, nigga. Borrow, scam, steal, rob, pimp, slang.

Pleasure and power lie within intensity, man.
Fuck opinions, fuck the state, fuck the world, fuck the law, and fuck morality. Fuck em.
And fuck ‘em good. Cause it’s your life. So do what you want with it. It’s all yours.
The essence of bloom, ripeness, and decay in all its grace and diversity.
Everything tastes and smells of vitality—of sweetness, juice, blood, slime, filth and death, of birth and life. From the stars down to the flora.
Life demands to be lived. In creative, transformative, and destructive ways.
Prey demands to be taken.
The playing field demands to be played upon, and the kingdom demands to be ruled.
That’s why power must be tangible. Now. And here.

Despite all those prior wild descriptions of symbolism, metaphor, or philosophy, all those words are meant to clarify just one thing:
The genius of power permeates every sphere of existential sensation and perception, from body to mind.
Are these all quasi- or even pseudo-philosophical, partly grandiose, almost delusional, or downright bizarre excuses and justifications for so-called "problematic behavior"? Maybe.
But finding such excuses is just as easy and natural for me as living by them.
And sometimes, it’s wise to gild the banal with the misleading paths of cultivated rhetoric and other absurdities that intellectuals and various other figures get off on. And so I get off on it myself—just as the parasite gets off deceiving its host, just as the apex predator gets off hunting and tearing apart its prey, and just as the virus gets off breaking its system.

To remain true to oneself means standing shamelessly for who you are.
Various things I did are considered different crimes in this society.
For some, the law made me pay a penalty.
But for most, it didn‘t. I’m just keepin it real with y’all.

And in this world—where the paths of hypocrisy, class structures, and political systems make the collective pay—the paths of existence give me even fewer reasons to perceive my actions as misdeeds, crimes, sins, or violations.
I am what I am, goddamnit. It’s all good.
I cheated on almost every single one of my girlfriends with other women.
I sabotaged a career, and I know what it’s like to stand among drug addicts, thieves, traitors, and convicts—because I, too, had to slang them substances to secure my livelihood.
I, too, had to hunt and rob and creep to make bread by force. I, too, had to defend myself against criminals, junkies, authorities, the law, enemies, women, men, and extremists.
Yeah, I did some shit too. Only small glimpses of it are revealed in here, spread out on different pages, regarding different, interconnected topics. But out of strategical purposes, I won’t mention any of the more serious shenanigans in this manifesto at all.
Yet fear and shame were never part of me. I’m laid back.
Paranoia, identity crises, or existential dread were never part of me.
Cause my existence ain’t made for that shit. I’m livin my best life. Always.

An equanimous and happy existence is found in being able to say that one has lived—and still lives—such a good ass life that one wouldn't even feel bad if one died today.
When there's nothing to regret, nothing to be ashamed of, and nothing left undone to declare that one has used their life well.
With a smile on my face, I can lean back every day, proud that from the very beginning, I was who I always wanted to be. From the very beginning, I was who I will always be. And from the very beginning, I ain't never looked up to no one but myself—walking my path, never having any master other than me.
And that shit make me feel real good.
Some of y'all can never relate. Cause it ain't even a feeling.
It's just one of the many truths of **Rewop**.

SEX

The pure essence of sex is self-evident.
Biology, technology, design, and cosmos itself are charged with a driving force—both alien and yet entirely earthly, worldly, animalistic, human, organic, natural, and eternal—a primordial sexual power. A power of union and division, of ecstasy, of creation and destruction. At some point, I too observed within myself something that some may call „hypersexuality". Whether this stems from high libido or high testosterone levels, my own appetite, or my nature remains unclear and possibly irrelevant. To me, it's just how I am. It's normal and natural for me to do it like that and this often. It is what it is, ain't it?

So in my late childhood, puberty, and especially after fuckin for the first time in adolescence, I recognized this intoxicating essence of sexual power.
Still I perceived sex in its subtler forms even earlier.
I remember certain femme fatale figures from films I casually encountered.
In one of those damn movies, some romantic comedy or some shit, I saw a scene depicting an especially delightful, lascivious, and wild—yet simultaneously elegant, aggressively sexual, and almost obscene—portrait of a woman in latex and leather or something.
Her power was visible, even in fictional form.
And oh, how I knew, even then as a lil boy, that a special power emanates from the allure of the feminine, from the allure of sexuality and arousal itself.

I do respect and adore the elegance and majesty of a powerful woman.
Sex with her is like a dance where you consume each other, over and over and over again.
But because I follow my own path, sex and union with a lady like that is a rare pleasure I indulge in only on special, appetizing occasions. I ain't interested a tyrannical bitch either.
But I love every woman. For example, a dominatrix ass bitch could be fun to fight.
Win the battle, enjoy the fuck. Lose the battle, enjoy the torment. Either way works.

Yet, for me personally, the essential—yet banal—appeal lies in the obvious:
Dominating, penetrating, or absorbing beauty itself.
As long as it's pretty, feminine, and fuckable, I can—and will—fuck it.
Ain't some weird ass intellectual science behind any of that. It's simple.

The earliest experiences with sexual arousal came from stolen magazines featuring naked women. Or through playing doctor with a childhood girlfriend my own age.
Back then when we was kids. Of course that's nothing. Still it serves as an example for the earliest encounters of sexual development within the growth of human beings.
Later, when I was ten, eleven or twelve, I recognized the beauty of a naked woman.
And that's when I startet beatin my meat while watching them bitches in the videos, the magazines, the movies and all. We all did stuff like that when we was at that age.
But of course, true pure sex, only comes with actual sex.

The allure lies in attraction, physiognomy, physics and nature itself—the essence, the aura, the pheromones, the presence-or in some cases, absence-of willingness from the prey, the object of desire. Like a wild animal, I want to mount it, dominate it with my entire body and mind, entwine it, devour it, break it, consume it, penetrate it, hate it, crave it, mark it, fill it, empty it, twist it, defile it, tear it up, love it, bind it, repel it, bewilder it, intoxicate it, animate it, kill it, fuck it. And I knew early on that morality, values, and notions of right and wrong obstruct the pure motion and rhythm of sex. When I started fuckin at age seventeen, that's when the real fun began, you know what I mean? I know you do.

But let's look at it from another perspective:
If the mind thinks faster than the mouth speaks, communication stalls.
If the mouth speaks faster than the mind thinks, communication also stalls.
Both must flow in unison for communication to glide smoothly.
Now same goes for sex—and for power, broadly speaking.
Mind and body must move simultaneously, free from friction or hesitation.
If this fails, body, mind, or both falter.
Sexual energy can only take hold if the mind is at peace with itself and the body moves in sync with it—neither lagging nor rushing.
Only then does everything remain in the flow of the here and now.

But isn't sexuality simple?
Isn't it absurd to turn sex into a science?
Ain't it delusional to schedule sex, study it, or document it?
Shouldn't we just fuck or masturbate when we want to?
Animals don't overcomplicate it.
Neither do plants.
So why do so many people struggle with fuckin?
The answer is obvious:
Value systems, ideologies, structures, strategies, conditions, and shame.

Yet **Rewop** doesn't dissect these to analyze them or get to the root of it all.
Pure sex has no motive beyond power and purity, the rhythm and atmosphere of the moment. The only motive is ecstatic motion, sexual power, and ecstasy leading to orgasm.
Each being has both specific and individual preferences.

Atmosphere can influence sexual inclinations, yet true, pure sex reigns at the core of all sexual expression. Spontaneous, Kamasutra-esque creativity, feeling, focus, and diverse "normal" and "abnormal" expressions swirl in the ecstatic movement of sexual power.
Whether wide awake, half-asleep, or intoxicated:
Sex permeates and transcends all possible levels of sensation and experience.
Sex is revolutionary, rebellious, and tyrannical all at once.

Now if we focus on the fundamental purity of sexuality, we quickly realize that any value systems, morals, or belief structures either merely serve or are entirely dissolved in the ecstatic moment of it.
Having sex, in its most intense and powerful form, is free.
Any values or ideals existing within all-encompassing lust and pleasure serve either one's own arousal and/or the arousal of their sexual partner.
If they don't, those values or ideals are utterly obliterated in the face of pure sexuality—because they would obstruct lust itself.
Values, ideals, systems, and morals within desire either serve desire itself—whether through value or taboo—or they don't exist at all.
Perhaps they temporarily emerge only to dissolve again.
But all of this happens for the sake of pleasure itself, for sexuality itself.
And thus it is, my dear friends and perverts, that sex in its purity, honesty, instinctiveness, and intensity rules over value, faith, morality, and law. Sex is both primitive and noble.
Sex reveals to the world the primal form of natural freedom, violence, love, pleasure, and power. Sex itself, in its essence, remains perfectly and absolutely natural, free, intimate, intense, individualistic, powerful—and yet all-encompassing, unifying, and pure.

In this world, many prefer listening to the outside world rather than to themselves.
And quickly, swarms of people arise who don't even know who they are.
Whether individuals with sexual disorders—who do things they're ashamed of—are "normal" is questionable.
Whether individuals with sexual identity disorders—who transform into another gender—are "normal" is questionable.
But these are all questions I can't concern myself with. I can't give a fuck bout none of it.
The only thing that excites me is a pure woman. Preferably, a fine Culona.
Only femininity is enticing to me.
A soft, pretty face, long lashes, full, tender lips.
A delicate neck, fragrant and aphrodisiac hair, slender or soft shoulders, full, juicy tits.
Long, beautiful legs, a flexible and supple body, pretty feet, and an even sweeter, juicier and warmer pussy. A woman's voice and her presence, her movement, the hunt, the way she moans or says my name, her trembling, her flesh, her mind, her heart, and her soul.
Now that's something. I like em thick, curvy or petit. They gotta be fine though.
There's gotta be something.

A constant and repeated fucking, for hours with pauses but no true pause, from sunlight to darkness and back again. When neither she nor I can get enough, after several times in a single day, our intimacy proves itself through the ecstasy of our lust.

And that ain't rare.
One woman, after a long day, told me that if she fell asleep and I was still awake, I should wake her with my dick. Those were her exact words though, not mine.
So that's exactly what I did. Cause later that night, I wasn't even tired enough yet.
My first official girlfriend was some pawg and she let me tie her up and whip her. Once, on vacation, I put out a cigarette on her. She let me choke her too, like many others.
But she was a little hysterical, dramatic ass bitch. She was aight though.
Another, a not-too-old fling, reacted immediately and obediently when I slapped my hard cock against her lips or shoved it straight down that naughty mouth.
Is it perverse when she wipes your cum off her ass with her fingers before licking them off? I don't think so.
Cause splashin ain't no clean deal, whether it's rough, gentle, romantic, or brutal.
When I thrust my cock into a wet, warm hole, ain't nobody gettin married, no files get sorted, and no systems are created.
The perfume and stench of sex. The slapping and colliding and rubbing together of wet or sweaty bodies. Moist or slimy, tight, fleshy openings. Flowing and spurting fluids.
If she rides me, and I thrust upward into her from below, and my balls slap against her asshole—what happens then? Sex. Fuckin.

We enjoy each other. Our own lust. And the lust of the other. It's heightened attention.

One liked to hide under the covers to taste me—my length and girth, my flesh and my masculine pheromones—to claim them for herself. Like a beast.
And I let her. Meanwhile, I played with her triggers, her body, and her openings.
I savored her beauty, her scent, her body and mind as they were—and as they responded.
We tasted each other. We fucked. Alternating. For hours. Or almost addictively, for a day or more.

I knew another who wanted to be beaten, humiliated, forced, and tormented during sex. Young single mother with a good job. She also wanted to be used in public. But bitch called too often, sent too many messages, asked me about other bitches—just as my other bitches called too often, sent too many messages, and asked about other bitches.
But when I treated her like a dorrmat, when I whipped her pale skin until it reddened with blood, when nature made her flesh look fittingly like a pig's—this cumdump knew her place beneath her king's sole and leaked. And amid nearly disabled noises, animalistic whimpers, squeals, and obscene vulgarities, she shut her damn mouth at least in these fine moments.

She wanted to be destroyed.

Lust is sweet and obscene at once. And just as many harmless people secretly get off on consuming thrillers, pornography, or sneaking round, there are undoubtedly countless harmless men and women of all kinds—countless harmless boys and girls of all kinds—who'd get off on actual snuff films and the like, in whatever form.
That's just facts, my friend. Mankind is nothing but a beast. And speaking of beasts-

Some do it with animals—let dogs mount them, have snakes inserted into them, or get filled by horse cocks or some shit. They be wildin. Crazy, right?
There are bitches who let multiple glass bottles be shoved into both holes and get stomped on their stomachs, and there are people who'd pay good money to see that shit or have it done to them. Trust me. We all know that's true.
Others play with piss, vomit, shit, blood, smegma, mold, insects, or corpses.
We all know what's out there. All they wanna do is fill up they holes, bust they nuts and fuck. Still the hypocrisy of the masses wouldn't want to admit that, would it? To each their own.

I been fuckin women of all types, ethnicities, and so-called classes or education levels.
If you, my dear friend and reader, would look like something I'd wanna fuck, then I'd do it.
So what? Ain't no shame in my game. Yet everybody's making a big deal outta nothing.
It is what it is though. Everyone can feel how they feel, perceive the world according to their own views and have any opinion they wanna have. It's all good to me.
I knew an artist who gave me good head. I let her blow me in her Benz.
I knew another one, an MMA fighter. She was likable but not as fine as the artist.

But not every bitch I fucked was someone I could stand, even if I wanted to fuck her just because she was fuckable. Sometimes, fuckable is exactly what you can't stand. What you actually want to break. Maybe precisely cause of that—and the fact that it can still be used as a sex object, an object of desire. As prey or a victim, so to speak.
There was one who was on TV, a musician, maybe an influencer or something. We talked a lot. She didn't drink, didn't smoke. But that bitch kept talking shit, mentioning her parents, her family, and her friends a little too often. I played it social and understanding. But I didn't wanna hear none of that. First date, we was messing around, and she started talkin shit about how she was marriage material while popping the morning-after pill right in front of me before saying I wasn't going home tonight because of the rain. At some point, when I spanked her thick, juicy ass, she asked me to do it again, harder. She playfully bit my tongue, loved dark dick, and liked having her hair pulled. That dumb shit she was saying though. Yeah, she was kinda cute, but that bitch lost. Others, though, really got on my damn nerves at some point. Maybe not even for any particular reason.
Like this one—tatted up head to toe. We met in the park in the summer. She was chewing gum. I asked what flavor. So, mouth-to-mouth, she gave me her gum. Blueberries. We kissed. Tongue piercing. My hands moved from her hips to her tits. Nipple piercings. She aight. Kinda cute too. But still, she was a dumb little piece of shit.
Some edgy-ass bitch who worked as a mortician or whatever.
She was thirsty though. And she looked good. So I took her with me. Naked, ass up, face down, she lay on the mattress, presenting her body after we played around.
I could already smell her fishy, slimy, tight cunt from above.
So I slammed my cock into her greedy hole from behind, fuckin her deeper, harder, faster til her pussy started farting and that coochiefoam was smeared all over my dick, spat on her winking asshole, and shoved my thumb inside. We fucked a few times.
She also said she loved sucking souls outta dicks, kept going even after they came in her mouth just to milk out every last drop. Didn't think that fuckin ho blew too well. I've had way better. Even a literal asshole sucks dick better. But she took a decent fuck, no cap.

A girl like that can be passed around for fucking. She'd probably like that. It's not really my thing, same as gangbangs, but it can be profitable and maybe even refreshing for a change. Again, to each their own.
A bitch like that could also be beaten, choked, pissed on, and abused. Until destruction. Some greedy, horny scum. Maybe you know what I mean.
The faster and easier it breaks, the harder and more brutal you can fuck it.
But paradoxically, the same thrill lies in those who break slower and harder.
So you break both and feel the same ecstasy. Strong or weak.

I can get off on the details of her shape, her scent and sweat, the heat of the moment, her legs and feet, her tits, my teeth in her neck, the sight of her lips or my hands on her curves ot throat. Or her behavior and her mind, her actions and reactions, her emotions and energy. No matter the kind, the type, the form.
With a bitch like that, you might get the urge to shit down her whorethroat, hatefuck her momma, strangle her, then piss on her grandparents' graves after fisting her daddy to death. You could understand that. But that ain't my thing. Instead, I spat my load into that skank's holes some more, on her body and face, tortured her a little, and then threw her ass out. We met a few more times at her place to fuck and chill before she became too much of a noise.

Then again, another girl wanted me to film her in a spontaneous moment. So I took my phone, recorded her, and sent her the video afterward. We watched it a few times.

Another time, I shoved my fist up this petite Korean slut's ass who'd only fucked Asians and white boys before—she stuck out her tongue, and I knew she needed either my tongue, my spit, my hand, or my cock in her mouth. Sprayed my cum on her and it hit the furniture.
I guess I ruined her holes for others, cause after we fucked, she told me she'd only let dark dicks, Latinos, or Black guys fuck her from then on. Bitch also told me that was why her best friend only took BBCs. Her ex was some simp-ass boy who still bought her gifts or some shit. He called once while we were busy. She cooked aight, we went out to eat, and she wanted to pay for a trip to Greece for me. Eventually, the bitch got annoying too, so I caused her some trouble and she disappeared back to South Korea.
I think she lied when she later claimed she was pregnant by me.

Is intimate, romantic, or sexual closeness complex, or is it banal and driven by instinct? I say it's both. But even its supposed complexity is more natural and varied than truly complex. Everything has its purpose. From a rational and honest perspective, it's all recognizable.

What a beautiful mess, huh?
Even the passion of intimacy isn't spared from the raw violence of sexuality. I remember sex after arguments with ex-girlfriends who, for some reason, would become hysterical—screaming, trying to get physical, and crying or boohooing. After such fights, we'd eventually fuck around. More often than not, they were the ones reaching into my crotch with their hands. Maybe they craved the intense closeness after the intense confrontation. Perhaps there's a particular thrill for a woman in experiencing such raw, intimate moments with a man she's drawn to—to have her brains fucked out this way too.

Or punishment in a similar style. Who knows what complex, or even crude, dimensions of desire such lust stirs in a bitch? Then again, maybe it's just as primitive, animalistic, and simple as any human craving. The female, finding any excuse to be mounted and dominated by the male. Because that's how she takes what she needs. And since she knows what the male wants, she lets it happen through her own actions—whether mundane, intense, special, or complicated. It's always give and take. In whatever form.
And when I pull out my hard, thick, long cock and slap it across some pretty slut's face, it's more reward than punishment.
A woman wants to hunt and be hunted, to rule and be ruled, to take and be taken. It's in her feminine nature. Cunning, deception, and lies can also hold their appeal. Humans know what they're doing—just like animals. Even if they, men and women alike, might feel ashamed of it, suppress it, sugarcoat it, or fight against their primal urges.

But sex is a labyrinth. Its many paths and entanglements—from instincts to reproduction, from the animalistic to the human, from countless expressions, forms, and kinks—lead nowhere but deeper into the damn maze itself. Yet at its center reigns the unimaginable: sex itself.

And the purity of that center is like a space, an emptiness, a fauna full of sex and life and death, blooming and ripening, decay, violent union, and slaughter. Full of flesh and energy. And they all sacrifice body and soul to the center. Since the beginning.
Because at the center rules the triangle—the sovereign over the forces, forms, and beings of the living and the dying realms.

There's a unique intimacy in erotic union—a subtle understanding of impulse, motion, sensation, and feeling. There were moments, conversations, first dates where the sexual tension between us was palpable from the start, even if we didn't voice it yet. And we both felt it. There were also clashes with women that, despite the conflict, remained inherently sexual. The provocation, the wildness, the dominant streak in a woman has its own appeal. So does her frenzy, her possessive or jealous tendencies, her pain, her pleasure, her beauty, her ugliness, her warmth and coldness, her purity and filth, her playful freedom and raw nature. I also enjoy fucking taken women. That's happened often enough.
And there were women who tried to tame my nature. In vain.
Cause how can you tame what's pure?
Nature, man, and woman are as untamable as the beast that refuses domestication.
Even within conditioned, moralized masses, the primal drives can't be leashed.
So people fuck, cheat, lie—doing nothing but behaving like goddamn animals. Why?
Cause they are nothing but goddamn animals.
Why, then, obsessively try to humanize the animal, cage it, domesticate it, or sanitize it for polite society?

Neither the horniness of the male nor the horniness of the female is gentle.
And above all, a woman's horniness can be of unimaginable violence, lust, aggression, and vehemence.

It wasn't uncommon that when one of my women was horny, she wanted—nah, more like she needed—to fuck. Right then. No argument. How could I, as a gentleman, refuse, right? When I show a bitch some specific or particular preferences or tastes, it's not unusual for her to encourage me to indulge them with her. There's a thrill in it. It's exciting to her.
And it turns her on that it turns me on to get off on her through my own desires.
It's a game we both play knowingly. If another joins in, that energy consumes her too. No matter how many participants are involved in a sexual moment, the moment itself unites them all. I been dippin all kinds of punani, ass, mouths, throats, tits, hands, feet, cheeks.
I been splashin my seed on all kinds of bodies, on all kinds of faces, in all kinds of holes.

When I lick a dripping, trembling cunt while her hands press my face against her lips and she squeals, moans, or grunts—then that ain't no meeting. And when I inhale the scent of her holes, the very essence of sex itself—that's no sterility. Maybe I'll wear her worn panties like a balaclava. And though it ain't water, I'd drink a glass or two of her pussyjuices.
One of my exes, african bitch from a wealthy christian home, gave some good head, boy. All sloppy and deep. She didn't really like my views regarding her goofy ass religion, she didn't smoke or drink and sometimes, she didn't like the way I lived my life and treated her, but she did like that dick though. Loved to choke her. She was tight too. But of course that virgin ass was even tighter. One time, I rammed my cock up that nyash, grabbed that ebony throat, and fucked her ass hard. When I pulled my cock out, it was gaping, nice red flesh, smelling like the gutters or something. I put it back in, started fuckin her deeper and faster and came inside that tight, wet asshole. She told me it hurt but it was sweet too. Like all good christian women all over the world, this one too couldn't deny the power of fuck. She said she saw Jesus when we were fuckin too. Sometimes, there's an almost transcendental air about having sex with some intimate partner. But often even some stranger will do.
One wanted me to paint a pattern on her tits with my cum so she could let it dry and eat it later. Another, aside from romantic leanings, had a slight exhibitionist streak. Yet another, a white jamaican one with braids, wanted me to fuck her in her boyfriend's bed. And she wanted me to fuck her ass. The fact she wanted to do it all for me instead of him made that little nasty whore even thirstier. And you can understand that. Real good, almost transcendental sex is rare. It's gotta match. Another of my exes, a fine ass woman in mind and body, gave me sex so good, sometimes that shit almost made me dissociate. An union based on utter understanding. Something special, you know? She good people. Except that one time when we fought and I got kinda violent so she took some object on her table, smashed it on my head and let her mother throw me out. I respect that though.
Saw her fine ass many times after that incident.
Yeah, I can go hard and fast, or soft and slow, switching motions and movements, but I keep it intense no matter what. I take her. I use my whole body. So I use her whole body too. Especially hers. Cause when I spit on a cunt, lick her ass or feet, make her suck my toes or cock or balls, or let her lick my ass, drink my piss, or slurp my cum off the floor—that's nudity, intensity, sex. The same goes for when she rides me, claws at me, or spits in my face while I smack that ho. Or when I stuff our sweaty socks into her slutty mouth, pull her panties over her face, and keep fucking her after I've already nutted all over her head and tits. I once sucked on a used tampon from a lady on her period. Bitter. Salty. Pissy. Just bad. So I let that bloodspit drip from my mouth into hers. She swallowed. I liked that.

And when a woman sits on my face while I thrust my cock up into her mouth and throat from below, nearly suffocating on the perfume of her arousal—that's ecstatic violence, a dance, a fight.
But it's pure. Sex, in all its variations, is pure. My cock dictates the law.
To fear or hate the object of desire is weakness.

I can't hate women, but I ain't no feminist either. Nor do I represent the so-called "manosphere" or hate men. Cause if the world demands it, you gotta beat all genders across them red-light corners just to survive and get by, right?
I serve only my own kind, my own strength, my own desires.
Though I've mostly had to inflict violence on men in my life, I'm prepared to do it to any gender under the right circumstances—whether lightly or brutally, physically, psychologically, or both. It is what it is. And as I've mentioned before, that shit can be fun. Cause any gender deserves some ass whoopin.
Power, sex, nature, and violence are universal languages, my nigga.
I'm a man. And I love women. That's why I fuck em.
I've never had problems with their essence.
They've always been there, available in all kinds of forms.
I never had to spend money on a woman to sleep with her, unlike all them trick ass dudes or them fools who have to show off, talk big, and spend just to finally fuck or even snag a damn kiss from a woman, like the simps that they are. I don't pay a cent for a bitch. And I never will. I'd rather spend on good weed than on some bitch, though I don't like spending in general. People be cryin they asses off. That's why I'm no friend of these weepy ass creeps and they weird incel culture, with that lone-wolf-alpha-beta-sigma meme-shit and their panicked fear of any kind of woman—whatever all that's supposed to be.
I know what I want and how to get it. And the woman knows what she wants and how to get it, too. I enjoy women. Often, I've been gifted by different wonderful women, and with a few of them, I've even received payments—with or without the other party's consent.
It's harmony. It's unity, agreement, and union. It's give and take. It's all good.

I give what I want to give, as long as it benefits me, and I take what I want, no matter how much it is.
And I gladly give a woman as much as I take from her—though I also like taking a little more than I give.
There's so much about her to fixate on, to use and exploit for the deep desires in this paradise of sex.
Like a vampire, you want to drain her dry, and once you have her, she collapses—she surrenders as willing prey and lets herself be devoured.
That's why I prefer women, for my part, one hunnid.
For others, it may be different. Again, to each their own.
I only know that as the man I am, I fuck those who are attractive and feminine.
I don't really get homosexuality, but if a tranny, some faggot, or anyone else looks like an attractive woman—or at least like a female or woman-like being—and I'm horny, I might hit that too. If it looks like a bitch, it can get it like a bitch. So I did that too. Cause I figured some of them trannies, them fags, them intersex-bitches can be used too. It's really that simple.

I can also use my dick to break or humiliate an enemy, a victim, prey, or their kin—whether they're men or women. Sex can be peaceful, warlike, raw, gentle. I like stickin my dick in something. I like sex. It's good shit. And here, too, as in all aspects of my existence, I feel no shame, fear, insecurity, or withholding. I am who I am. Everyone should be who they are. Sexual dominance is in my nature. So there's no appeal for me in placing myself in a passive, masochistic, humiliating, or feminine role. Still, I wouldn't judge others for such preferences.

This manifesto ain't bout me, but solely about the essence of power through my own eyes.
There's nothing special or particular about me.
And perhaps this is all just some meaningless shit without any higher value, without substance, without brilliance, without spirit.
Maybe they're all right when they think I'm wrong.
But I don't care. I'll still do what I do best, no matter what.
I'm no better, no worse, or no more special than any other living being. I'm simply myself.
What anyone thinks about me, someone else, or anything at all—or however someone lives their life, navigates existence, or sees the world—is none of my business, cause it has nothing to do with me, my motion, my environment, or my territory.
It is what it is: To each their own.
Thus, every kind of sexual preference, sexual sensation, sexual stimulus, or arousal remains part of one's own sexual inclination.
One can understand anything—so-called "normal," "abnormal," "legal," or "illegal"—that is of a sexual nature. Only a hypocrite would claim otherwise.
Sex, for some, can even be asexual in nature. Sex can be warlike in nature.
Sex can take fetishistic forms and dissolve them back into pure sex.
Sex can be used to please partners or prey, to break victims or enemies, to dominate, to reproduce, to affirm oneself, to relax, or even to entertain oneself.
Thus, the essence of pure sex is so unique, so specific, and yet so vast and all-encompassing that all the stars of the universe know of its forces. And yet it's simple. Not a big deal.
Just like power. Cause it is power.

FREEDOM

In freedom lies not only playful pleasure, but also sovereignty, the inherent self-confidence, the connection to oneself and to the outer world. The freedom to be and to let be.
Freedom is the movement of the elements, the suppleness of animals pursuing their existence—whether peaceful or bestial.

But freedom is also like some outbreak of armed felons, barbarians and proletarians, whores, pimps, madmen, cults, organizations, gangs, mass murderers, lepers. An outbreak of the underworld. Yet the underworld lurks behind the curtains of every class and stratum.
It's everywhere. Mira. Freedom is like an outbreak, a mass hysteria of repressed truth now revealing itself in its fullness and frenzy. Look at it. True gold.

For me, being free didn't mean the first fistfight, the first fuck, skipping school, stealing, pullin shady deals, or even the more serious matters of adulthood.

Freedom, to me, was simply being and the sheer awareness that I could, fundamentally, do anything I wanted—and not have to do anything I didn't. And that's it.

At a very young age, when I was prematurely placed in some mental institution for children due to my behavior, I temporarily experienced deprivation of freedom.
But one day during some half-assed trip to the cinema, when I broke free, I recognized freedom again. Around the same time, aside from school, I was in a daycare center for troubled children. I made some friends there. We were a group and, for some reason, the most popular. In that daycare, all the caretakers were women, and I remember how several of em once burst into the playroom and yelled at all of us cause one of the girls was more or less stripping—dancing to music and undressing in front of us other kids. Most of the girls left the session before she even started taking her damn clothes off. How it even happened, I don't even know, but it might have been that we, in our childish boyish jokes, egged her on—cause I remember that bitch was naive and easy to manipulate. I also remember that, at times, I more or less bullied the girl, and her screaming sounded panicked and scared. Maybe she came up with the idea herself, though. But it's highly likely she was a victim of abuse or some shit similar. Not that we had anything to do with that. We just wanted to have fun. And when she stripped, we enjoyed the show, laughing, drinking OJ, right?
Today, I ain't even entirely sure what was so amusing bout that. Probably just the thing itself. One of the girls, a somewhat rebellious one I thought was cool back then, left the room fore the girl of the hour—the "amateur stripper"—started undressing. She said it was disgusting. I didn't really get what was so disgusting about it, even though I understood why nudity was generally taboo. But when the caretakers stormed in, yelling at everyone, and we ran out laughing, I knew that freedom was something that had to be lived—in the past and the future.

But most of all, in the present.

Even now, freedom reveals itself in everyday experiences.
Whether I'm among friends or associates, hanging out or partying, scheming or collaborating—freedom makes itself known in simple moments, too.
The freedom to choose, free will, and the freedom of community, companionship, entertainment.

Once when I took LSD with some of my peeps, freedom was something that sparked fascination in all of us. And yet, it also seemed to evoke some kind of fear in others.
I must admit, the beginning of an acid trip can feel quite uncomfortable.
But at one point, I looked at one of my bros and I saw that panic.
We wandered through the streets, and I was amused.
Everything was damn chaotic, too wild, too many stimuli, you know what I mean?
And cuz grew restless. Nigga almost got hit by a car while crossing the damn street.
So I reassured him, tried to make him see that everything was cool, and slowly he relaxed.
But what does all of this have to do with freedom, one might ask?
Well, among other things, I tried to make that man understand that there was no reason for stress, no reason to worry, and that at any moment, you can choose not to stress—cause

what does stressing achieve? Are there reasons to stress? Are there serious reasons you must do something? Are there reasons to burden yourself—or let someone or something burden you? It's your mind, your mentality, your well-being.
So it's your own damn decision how you feel. It's all one big game.
So calm yo ass down, if you want. Relax. It's all good. Keep your cool, cause everything's in motion but nothing's under pressure. Cause if there ain't no tangible reward in sight, hyperfocus and frantic effort aren't helpful. What would they accomplish?
Not a goddamn thing.

In a societal world like ours, the powerless and unfree seek to strip away freedom—from the masses and from the individual—as much as fuckin possible.
By frightening people, stressing em, and keeping em in a state of tension, you steal their productive energy just as much as their rational mind. No wonder so many run through life stressed and tormented and shit, without ever having lived a life themselves. Instead, them motherfuckers lived their life for others, for the external world without even getting something out of it. But that's on them. Do what you wanna do. But do it.

VIOLENCE

Violence is part of pure power and an aspect of life and death that lies close to my heart.
They say violence ain't the answer. It's the question. The answer is "yes."
But when I say violence, I ain't just talkin bout physical or psychological, destructive violence.
I also speak of the violence of natural phenomena, the violence of creation, the violence of free speech, the violence of freedom, of love, of gathering, of harmony and all that.
That's why everything that represents and reveals itself through its sheer presence is a form of violence. So let's not speculate whether violence is truth and consciousness merely the collective wound or trauma. Or whether violence has meaning, a beginning, or an end.
For even if violence itself holds no opinion or motive, it manifests in intense forms.
And that's why violence is pure.

I remember high school.
For us, it was normal to disrupt class, chat, or do other things, right?
In front of my desk sat a so-called „gifted", perhaps autistic boy.
I got along with him more or less, though his hyperactive and disruptive behavior often drove me to enact violence against him in various forms.
One day, this boy kept turning around to bother me with a psychology textbook.
He turned around again and again. So I punched him in the face.
So he turned back and calmed the fuck down.
In that moment, violence was the answer.
Because when words failed, the fist brought silence.

When I was about ten or eleven years old, I hit a playmate on the head with a stuffed animal during some vacation in spain. The glass eyes of the plush toy struck his temple, and he actually ended up in the hospital, that dumb ass motherfucker.

But that boy had been bothering me with jokes about how I supposedly wanted to get with his little sister and similar bullshit. Nigga kept acting it out with stuffed animals and toys too and shit, right? So I didn't say much. At some point, I just grabbed this huge plush teddy he had and swung that motherfucker hard against his skull.
Boy fell back onto the couch and didn't get up right away.
So I stood up and left the room to play with them tiny kittens. Those were cute as hell.

Of course, I could have communicated better.
I was young. But everything has its reasons.
And I knew that this was the best way to show that boy some manners.
And of course, it worked.
Cause violence does something.

At around twelve, I was kinda bullying the biggest, broadest kid in my class just to pick a fight with him. Why I did it? Prolly due to relatively primitive and fundamentally unnecessary displays of power. So it came to blows. Neither of us won.

Seventeen or eighteen years later, in my late twenties or early thirties, money had to be made. Fieldwork on the streets, slangin, schemin, creepin and shit.

When it comes to certain fuckin drugs, stimulants, and narcotics, you know the clientele adapts to the substances in question. The harder the substance, the more wrecked the clientele. Having to defend your ass on the streets, avoiding being ripped off or ending up in mortal danger, means always being ready to deflect or eliminate a life-threatening situation. So it became necessary to draw a weapon as soon as a potential client or opp tried to get away with theft or some other shit.

Violence in various forms had to be applied—for respect, for profit, safety, for your squad, for harmony, and for principle.
Sticks and blades serve reality, catchin bodies, sending souls to the permanent days.
Violence was used in games, in self-defense, within so-called „gangs", where we stuck together like a tribalistic community to benefit from cooperation and mutual respect.
But similar structures to those in adulthood were already familiar to me from childhood, within our small circles of troublemakers who stole and traded sweets on playgrounds for toys or cash. And back then, violence was already a universal language.

Betrayal was not tolerated, neither by me nor by others within our amicable community.
One remained strong. I did so out of principle and rational understanding.
Not out of any genuine or convinced loyalty to anyone. But more on that later.

The passions of violence are of a cold, cool, warm, or fiery nature.
Without violence, neither beast nor man can exist.
Without violence, no universe can be born or dissolve back into nothingness.
Without violence, existence itself is impossible.

POWER, POWERLESSNESS AND IDEOLOGY

Some of the countless powerless ones resort to the paths of ideology to regain a certain kind of strength or self-assurance. As they say: To each their own.
Yet weakness, uncertainty, and cowardice can quickly become palpable.
Therefore, it‘s highly counterproductive for such creatures to seek an alternative source of strength in some kind of bullshit ass ideology. One might recommend they confront their own consciousness—but in the end, it's all up to them.

Personally, I find such theatrics almost shameful. It’s weird to me. But it may be understandable.
Cause I hold no opinion on the countless tyrants, oppressors, terrorists, war criminals, or dictators of human history.
The cowardly mind loves to hide behind ideology to legitimize and justify its own destructive tendencies.
But **Rewop** is honest:
This is neither ideology nor faith—it‘s the shameless glorification, representation, and praise of fundamental power, people.
Even if altruism, humanism, and morality were proven the foundation of absolute existence, I’d still remain loyal only to my own damn power—to the power exalted in this manifesto.
Cause even the feelings, worries, or problems of those close to me have never stopped me from pursuing that instinct, that intention, that natural and intuitive conviction.
Now that don‘t mean I can’t be noble, selfless, warm, or loyal.
It only means that, to me, power alone remains supreme.
Cause only through it, I am who I am.

Having spoken of freedom, we now speak of power—independent of powerlessness and ideology.
Power in itself is neither good nor evil, neither right nor wrong. It is natural.
Like the burning of the White House, the collapse of the Eiffel Tower.
Like the shattering of the Taj Mahal, the fall of Mecca, the decay of Jerusalem, and the defilement of Hong Kong, Sydney, São Paulo, Tokyo, Moscow, Berlin, Abuja, Bangkok, the Vatican, and London.
Bring the frenzy of life or the ruin of death upon all nations, continents, and worlds.
Man, do it, nigga. Get to work, bitch. Cause again:
Power‘s neither good nor evil, neither right nor wrong. It‘s natural.
And even throughout the history of political systems—oppression, revolt, and revolution—we find fascinating examples of power in its independence.

Both the French and Haitian Revolutions are two beautiful examples.
In both cases, there was a violent liberation of the oppressed people—a tangible proof of the superiority of wild, freedom-seeking frenzy over the pale and impotent structures of a hypocritical, bureaucratic, and cowardly system.

Yet often, after the beauty of such revolutions came the equally beautiful horror of a fresher tyranny crystallizing from the storm of renewal. And so, my friends, it is the same with rebellion and tyranny.

But what do I mean when I speak of ideology?
To claim that there are individuals who are nobler, more refined, or more special than others—because, unlike the masses, they reconcile their individualistic power with nature—would itself be ideology, right?
We can‘t perceive power as a special, exclusive, "luxurious" energy accessible only to certain beings. Power is fundamental. Maybe it lies in the nature and will of the respective being—to what extent it is capable or "destined" to live and experience power.

Who knows, and who cares?
Cause in the end, nothing matters beside the experience of power in its perfection.
But to remain conscious of oneself in this—that’s real wisdom for y‘all.

Nature, the universe, society, technology…The so-called "primitive" and the so-called "civilized." All these things are natural. The core of those things remains timeless.
I’m a young man. Yet in my years, I've already done much, seen much, experienced much. And my instinct for myself and my surroundings has always meant more to me than chasing every possible path or option that wraps my energy in some weird ass ideology.
Sure, back in the day, I flirted with all sorts of cultural, artistic, political, ideological, religious, and organizational groups, scenes, or individuals—but those relationships weren’t really durable so shit often ended in some sort of conflict.
I can’t take any of these caricatures seriously.
People who feel they belong to a group, who have to dress and behave a certain way, maybe even put on serious costumes and feel special doing it. It’s some madness.
To each their own though.

I might sound kinda picky, but to me, it’s lackin drip, uninspired, contrived, you know?.
You can get it in the form of them „gang cultures“, secret societies, or military groups.
You can also acknowledge it in many other subcultures.
But for me, the only thing that matters here is authenticity and aesthetics.

I can’t and won’t run round lookin like a bum, a weirdo, someone with no style, some gray nobody, a head-to-toe black-clad goth, some colorful eccentric, a stinking naturalist, a futuristic ambassador of extravagance, or anything like that. And that’s why I got that drip.
I look good. That’s a fact. And I like to dress according to my own style.

Maybe today you’ll see me in a black blazer, a tight white turtleneck, black suit pants, and fine black leather shoes—possibly even with subtle yet refined glasses, even though I don’t even wear glasses, y’know what I mean?
And maybe tomorrow you’ll see me in sneakers and a bandana, jeans, an oversized white T, black latex gloves, and a stolen gold chain. And let them grillz shine, nigga—black, chrome, or sparkling with colored jewels. Lookin good on my caramel skin.

My wardrobe has both style and flexibility.
Often, you'll see me with a beautiful woman. But was it always the same bitch?
Course not. One's from the States, another from Kenya, another from Brazil, South Africa, Trinidad, Taiwan, fuckin' Azerbaijan, Italy, Lebanon, Canada, or Norway.
And then another from my own city. From somewhere.
Through friends, nightlife, the streets, or dating. Doesn't matter from where.
Cause maybe today you'll see me with a brunette, tomorrow with a blonde, and the day after that with a redhead or a dark-haired woman.

Everything fits.
Yet nothing feels forced. Everything remains authentic because my style suits me—no matter the vibe. It's the same style.
I appreciate style in all its forms. And I support the work of artists, designers, entertainers, comedians, and promoters of culture in its diversity and uniqueness.
At times, I was told I should try modeling.
Once, an acquaintance of a particularly bothersome friend of mine was looking for models and invited me to a photoshoot at his studio—a place I'd visited before, where we discussed photography, film, and design.
I passed that day though. Not cause I didn't value his art, but cause I was preoccupied with my girl at the time.

I mention all this because aesthetics can be found in everything.
In my early childhood, I never really understood what was supposed to be so beautiful about people. Certain animals were beautiful to me—even some "worn-out" things and aspects of life and death held beauty. But people? Not really.
Of course, over time, I came to recognize the beauty in physics, in the ways of humanity, and in the world people have built.

Fashion is part of culture, and culture, like art, is one of the forces of power.
But you probably won't find me at a gala.
Still, I know—and have known—models and those who place great value in the world and status of the "rich and beautiful", or even belonged to it themselves.
If it were profitable for me, I'd design outfits too—extravagant and subtle artworks for the masses and the individual, for little or much money.
But still, I see no value in capitalism or the industries of fashion, design, and culture.
But what does any of this mean?
As long as style doesn't become an obsession, one can appreciate it.
But that's just my opinion. I'm a friend to all cultures and subcultures.
So my style remains my own—even if it ain't special. Yours is yours, right?
So you should enjoy it. Pleasure is part of power. I don't wanna go on bout excessive pleasure and play that ol moral card.
Maybe through genetics combined with occasional exercise, I keep my body and mind fit and virile despite everything. It could be different if one fixates too much on certain forms of indulgence. Like in culinary pleasures. Or in various forms of intoxication involving psychoactive substances. We know this. Cause sometimes caution may be advisable.

I enjoy enough. But I'm the active type. Not wound up or necessarily hyperactive—more ambiverted but still active.
I remember how once, not too long ago, maybe six years back or something, after snorting some powder and a few cold beers, spontaneously after visiting my peeps, I had them give me some Xanax.
I don't recall how much I took, but it was probably too much and generally unwise combined with the substances I'd already consumed earlier that day.
At some point, the room spun, I stood the fuck up, drank water, threw up, and passed out on the way back to the bedroom. Thank God nothing happened.
I got back up after maybe 10, 20, or 30 minutes, returned to the bedroom, and slept it off.
The next day, my friends said I should've never taken all that and that I should be glad it didn't end fatally.
But maybe I stupidly ignored my intuition and my own aversion to downers here.
Who knows?

I do like to enjoy myself in various ways. But pleasure is a multifaceted thing that both permeates and transcends all material matters. At least that's how I see it. Though maybe it's because pleasure remains a given for me—which is why luxury, success, status, cars, jets, and lots of cash never surprise or impress me, leave me awestruck, or make me jump for joy or some shit—unless maybe I'm on some stimulants or whatever. It just don't faze me.
Of course I wouldn't say no to a couple of millions. But I don't chase after it, hold it up as an ideal, or sell out my principles and power for wealth. None of those things really move me.

I remember dates with girlfriends in hotels, restaurants, or wherever, and though I appreciated the ambiance too, they often noticed I was never particularly fascinated by any of it. And I never was. I remember even as a child, you couldn't really wow me with gifts.
Even when it undeniably pleased me in some cases, it was and is never excessive joy.
Not because I take receiving gifts for granted—that ain't it. It's more that I never saw or see any immense value in all these things. Because they're fleeting.
That was never the reason I couldn't appreciate said objects the way others might, but in hindsight, if I wanted to, I could reinterpret it that way—just to lure potential readers into intellectual masturbation.

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. Hold up though.
This ain't no text to masturbate to. And if it is, then not in the intellectual kinda way.

Maybe three years ago I sat in my bed, blunt between my lips, good music in my ears, in an oversmoked, foggy apartment, snow on the back of my iPhone, counting stacks of cash.
I was smilin. Cause I didn't do much for that money.
But it was there, and more kept flowing in. All good, right?
And yet, it is what it is. In the end, there's no great value in attachment to material things.
In my opinion, it's far nobler and more majestic to burn money, to destroy money along with its servants and representatives and bureaucrats, rather than counting it—but whatever.
For my part, I use it for my purposes, but it's only a small part of the game.
The game itself remains a joke to the winner.

Values, ideologies, and attachments are like puppets on strings.
You can use em, enjoy em, discard em, play with em, laugh at em, amuse yourself with them—anything at all. But attaching yourself to them?
That's problematic when we talkin bout pure power, clarified by **Rewop**, my dear friends.

It may be that power likes to be ritualized.
Through practice, repetition, symbols, signs, associations, data, and arts.
But when obsession creeps in—when you try to hold onto that power, to lock it away—then power turns against the one who tried to suppress it.

Power, after all, wants to keep flowing smoothly. Enjoy it, use it, but let it run.
Now. And here. Ritualize it only in moderation, never obsessively—only spontaneously, and only if you want to.

But be pure yourself. And if you're not pure, then don't bother—or purify yourself.

Many powerless people use ideology as an escape for cowardice, bias, trauma, defense mechanisms, and mental gymnastics based on insecurity.
This can—and will—become the downfall of both the individual and the masses.

The purity of power is free. It can use ideology, but it remains free of it.
What's the point of genocide, euthanasia, and eugenics if these things remain limited?
Cause goddamnit, to truly enjoy these things, you gotta expand them to everything—til, maybe, life itself becomes death.
Only then do insane theses, theories, and practices become valuable.

But power ain't insane.
Cause it knows the truth. Power ain't constrained. Cause it is free.
And the truth of power is like a dead cop, a beheaded judge, and a politician buttfucked while his entire family is wiped out: raw, real, and beautiful.

Truth is the creation and annihilation of the entire universe.

For this reason, we also don't drift into the philosophical, the spiritual, the religious, the political, the mystical, or even the agnostic, atheistic, or scientific.
Ideologies and exaggerated values or attachments themselves will ultimately be defeated—
Either by rationality, irrelevance, relativity, absurdity, or self-destruction.

ENERGY AND ATMOSPHERE

Simple moments may prove the beauty and power of energy and atmosphere.
Like romantic closeness, for example.
Beneath a starry sky with a very special woman during a completely unnecessary vacation.
Her gaze and her particular way of laughing. I'm on that love for real.

Or the gentle touches of another while we lie there, talking, with the Super Bowl playing in the background.
Smooth sounds of good music filling the air. 4-star suite with a see-through shower.
Shawty's eyes lookin like two black suns. Them skittles scattered on the bed.

Atmosphere be powerful. I can't deny my perception, switch it off, or ignore it—cause it's necessary. I ain't no robot. I ain't no psycho or some shit.
Everything moves in the eternal flow of motion itself.
Issa harmonious and disharmonious orchestra, a living network of different vibrations.
At least, that's how you can romanticize it when trynna describe the obvious or natural through metaphors or symbols.

Energy and atmosphere are constantly vibrating.
So the enjoyment of these atmospheres exists in both clear and altered states of perception. Whether with friends, in the company of a lover—one special lover or multiple lovers—whether sober or on MDMA, cocaine, alcohol, speed, ketamine, LSD, DMT, mushrooms, 2C-B, or other shit, whether during sex, conversation, a fight, in a crowd, or alone:
energy and atmosphere are always present—if you choose to perceive em.

I always liked art. But outside of art, foreign languages, language in general, and sports, I was always bad in school. Even later, when I had the chance to study art multiple times, I dropped out—just like I abandoned my training to become a businessman.
I received a scholarship to study at a fine arts college. But back then, I was damn nineteen, living with my girlfriend in a tiny apartment, and all I wanted was to fuck, smoke weed, and drift around. I traveled across the country, visiting places where I met some other hoes and cheated on my girlfriend. I got into trouble with the law during that time too.

Despite my talent for language, in my early childhood, I hardly spoke to anyone outside my family, friends, or those I personally wanted to talk to. Sometimes, when I was bored and had nothing to do, I wrote.
As a child, I was relatively quiet. Only later did I start playing with language the way I did with art and music. Some of my friends found it interesting how I occasionally used language in a way that made them assume I was some big reader or came from particularly cultured circumstances. But I never read much, and my background was likely middle-class—maybe even lower-middle class. I'm also descended from what's called the old aristocracy, though that don't matter today, especially not in my country of birth.

I was born in the 90s. As a Moreno. I use this term loosely. To me, a Moreno or Morena is most of the human population: people with either dark hair or dark skin, or both. So, anyone who isn't a Moreno or Morena has both light hair and light skin.

In my earliest childhood, nearly all my friends were Morenos. I mention this because many of us weren't born in this country. That meant some of my peeps hardy spoke the language. Still, we understood each other and got along.

Of course, after a while, peeps who weren't Morenos or Morenas joined our circle.
Some of em weren't particularly fluent either.
But like I said—we understood each other and got along.

Normally, I'm pretty casual with language in my day-to-day life.
Where I'm from, we speak looser, more relaxed—in my case, often with simpler or even cruder expressions.
But even there, you can get creative now and then, depending on the circumstances.
You might think I should write this manifesto the way I talk in my everyday life.
I actually kinda do.
But for some reason, I kinda still don't. Maybe cause then it wouldn't be readable.
Maybe cause I don't want the energy and atmosphere of this manifesto to match that energy and atmosphere. Maybe even for ironic reasons. Who cares, right?

In my case, though, I've moved in all kinds of circles early on.
Every social stratum. Educated, uneducated, rich, poor, sheltered, neglected, artistic, dull, political, apolitical, funny, serious.
I get along with anyone as long as we vibe.
Remember that example of the parasite as one head of the triangle?
For me, art was often just art for art's sake. That's what it is, nigga.
My first literary work is, to put it nicely, a pseudo-philosophical disaster.
And you're hearing this from me, the one presenting you this shit right here-
Now, ain't that somethin?
But back then I just wanted to write something—to say I wrote a damn book.

Same with beats. I produced them just cause I wanted to make beats, make music, release music.
Cause I love music—R&B, funk, rap, trap, hip-hop, jazz, Afrobeats, reggaeton, house, alternative, dancehall, rock, hardcore punk, metal, pop, soul, indie, lounge, experimental, ambient, classical, folk, world music, all kinds of mainstream and underground genres.
Consuming art and music can be just as stimulating and meaningful as creating it.
Back in the day, we shared and listened to all kinds of music together.
We planned to make music ourselves, but dropped that shit before we even started.
Instead, I showed my niggas all kinds of musicians, bands, and artists, and they did the same for me.
I prefer music and visual art.
I don't like reading much—even my own other two literary works feel secondary to me.
Personally, I don't care much for literature, prose, or poetry—though I still respect the craft.

Cause even the written arts carry their worth in the stream of art.
And so I too, as an individual, used art in diverse forms—for the sake of energy and atmosphere, for the sake of pleasure and for the sake of power. For myself, but often also for others, for strangers, for anyone at all, really. But mostly for myself.

Sometime in my early twenties, during a time when—despite prior convictions—I was still being harassed by the military with job offers and career proposals, and by old bitches despite having new bitches, I experimented with every possible form of art simultaneously. Eventually, I had to admit to myself: I am no artist. I never been one.

Yet art was always there. In even the most mundane moments.
Even when, in my neon-lit apartment, I had some bitch clean the soles of my Air Force 1s with her tongue, music remained my background companion.
And when I was woken early one morning by the doorbell, greeted and then taken away by the police, an unfinished graphic project still lay on my desk.

What I'm trynna say is this: I've always seen art and music as translation, as companion, as muse to atmosphere and energy. At some point, I recognized a certain force within them—one I'd previously seen only in freedom, in pleasure, in the self, and in power itself.

If energy and atmosphere are father and mother, then music and art are their children.

I was never a serious musician or artist. And yet, I created some artworks and made plenty of music. I never earned a single cent from any piece. But I regret none of it.
Money was never the intention. Publishing art or destroying it again—for me, that shit was normal.

Rewop is my most honest work. My only autobiographical work.
And thus, the sole truthful confession I've never even clarified in therapy sessions.
Cause why would I? That wouldn't have been useful for me.
That's why right now I might just make up shit and claim that none of it is real—a fictional persona composing a fictitious manifesto. Or even AI or some shit.

It don't matter. I'm fine with anything. This manifesto doesn't even bear a pseudonym—and if it does, it'll be something banal and commonplace.
Nor will this manifesto resurface anywhere but the underground. I doubt anyone, or several someones, will read it. But if you do—enjoy, my dear friend and reader.

This is primarily a dedication to the honesty of power. And if you, as the reader, are interested in power, then perhaps this manifesto will be useful to you.
Or you'll be disappointed, annoyed, bored—whatever. Do what you want.

Those who know me, know.
I doubt they'll read this.
And if they do, they might recognize themselves in certain parts. Or maybe not.
But everything I describe here is true. It's my actual opinion, my actual experiences, and my actual, unembellished impressions, actions, interactions, and reactions.
Neither exaggerated nor downplayed—just as they happened, just as I felt em. Everything else flows back to the main theme, because in my mind, they're intertwined and expressions of the exact same thing.

I won’t sugarcoat or glorify my ways.
Maybe I’m just some dude, maybe I’m bad to the bone, maybe part of a "bigger problem."
I don’t put much stock in ideas like that, but I can see why some might interpret it that way.
It is what it is.

I also know that living the way I do isn’t necessarily easy.
And yet, I love it. Because I’m always free. Because I’m always myself.
Because I want to be this way. Cause I gotta be this way. I’m made like this.

Even so, in my case—at least in certain situations or moments—it’s often unwise to tell the truth openly and honestly to others, or to the public at large.
Sometimes, in a world like this, you can’t even do it within the freedom of arts and culture.
But I can excuse my behavior with all kinds of justifications.
And sometimes I do. But every now and then, I can tell the truth.
Or, the other person realizes the truth, resists, criticizes me, harasses me with morality and law, and/or distances themselves. That’s happened before. Y’all good?
But what is a rockstar?
To the reader of this manifesto—if you don’t live this kind of life yourself—it’s probably unclear what it means to live like this. No idea how a rockstar lives. I only know my own life.

Not even in my childhood or youth could I sincerely reveal my truth openly, because I knew I’d face punishment. Not always. Because often enough, I still did it in subtle or crude ways, or at least let the other person understand it in some direct or indirect manner. For example, among teenage friends, since we ran around stealing emergency hammers from trains and buses and did some other shit too. Or with certain adult friends in certain moments or under certain circumstances and/or substances.
But by and large, you can’t just go out in public, express all the things that invite criticism, behave exactly as you are, and then expect not to face resistance or even get arrested.
That would make everything harder than it needs to be. Shit can be avoided, right?
It’s common sense. Neither the thief, the businessman, the politician, nor the golddigger will tell you the truth to your damn face. But if the thief, the businessman, the politician, or the golddigger were to write a manifesto about their true beliefs, their real experiences, and their personal path, it might resemble this manifesto—maybe more interesting, maybe less, possibly just as valuable.
Here, however, it’s about pure power.

I’ve always wanted to convey a raw and unfiltered representation of my freedom and truth exactly as it is: real.
Maybe many people don’t realize what truly happens in real life.
If you spend your whole life hiding behind studies, books, TVs, phones, or even just your own communities, you’ll never understand what happens on the streets, behind the curtains, underground, behind locked doors, back alleys, back entrances, or beneath the surface. But many can’t see it, can’t be like that, can’t live like that.
Many simply can’t be like me. For various reasons.
They’re just not made for it.

Whatever. Cause in **Rewop**, the true and naked face reveals itself for what it is.
And cause it drifts through the societal realm of art, it remains unreachable, incomprehensible. And the fact that it can be denied proves its power.

My previous two literary works are freely available, one of em even for free.
Both were published under different pseudonyms, which I naturally won't disclose here—just as I won't reveal their titles.
But this right here is the most personal, the most intimate, the purest, the most honest.
The other two works—especially my personal magnum opus—have their own value, but they're too "complex", too indirect, too manipulative, too digressive, too impersonal, and despite their sincerity, they're unfortunately insincere due to their cunning.
But this, too, serves its own purpose.
Because isn't the world of art and creativity within this society often a world where, under the guise of art, you can indulge in so-called "inappropriate behaviors"?
I recognized this early on, during my first encounters with surrealist and absurdist, grotesque yet majestic paintings on school trips to museums and the like. So-called Expressionism.

Various music was, of course, recorded and released.
Artistic experimentation was abundant—designs and graphics too.
Released, unreleased, lost, abandoned, or destroyed. All that shit.
Art was always another method for me to manifest abundance, the moving mechanisms of free will, energy, and atmosphere—to amuse myself, to move myself, and possibly others as well. I never spent much time imagining I'd become some great artist.
I never wanted that spotlight, that fame, that clout or anything like that.
It doesn't interest me. I'd prefer prosperity, though I don't even idealize prosperity.

Regardless…The senses of the living being are awake.
One wants to perceive, to be intoxicated by the wondrous impressions of existence.
Cause these impressions are powerful.
Just like existence itself.
One might perceive aspects of **Rewop** as "dark" or "obscene," but that's mistaken.
I have no interest in glorifying stigmatized or taboo subjects—especially not for shock value or spectacle. That's cheap and uninteresting.
I love good vibes, energy, and intense atmospheres.

I know harmonious, relaxed vibes—and I know intense rage.
Good conversations, good music, likable company, maybe some fluffy ass pet nearby keeping me company.
And also rage born from principle or anger, colossal moments where I flip and want to demolish, ruin, and shatter the enemy or whoever stands in my way—man, woman, elder, child, white, black, thin, fat—it don't matter. It happens.
So I've known days and evenings that ended in harmony, just as I've known days and evenings where I got arrested or some ambulance showed up—or didn't—after I had to unleash raw violence, usually against some other man.

In the best cases, though, a day or night like that ends in harmony, or at least with an ambulance arriving, giving whichever troublemaker forced me into this a second chance at redemption. In even better cases, it just ends in harmony—whether I had to resort to violence or not. Because whether or not an ambulance arrives for the other person—the one who couldn't behave—is irrelevant to me and often not particularly helpful for my own peace. Cause sometimes I just snap.

Even the most intense and unstoppable crashouts eventually subsides in me.
During one the more softer versions of such instances, I broke into an apartment, threatened my family with a firearm, then turned on the police, only to be subdued with pepper spray. Ironically, one of my own family members—who happens to be a police officer—handed me over to an institution, from which I was released within two days with a pardon.
After another outburst—this time involving a dispute with a shop owner—I chased a fleeing man while armed with two knives, leading to another arrest. Despite insulting them bitch ass cops, I later behaved cooperatively, prompting them to transfer me to a psychiatric facility instead. By then, my rage had long faded.
I had no interest in wasting time in a psych ward. The place, a more liberal version of prison, assigned me a roommate—some retard-type of dude, a young man with Down syndrome. Now, I ain't no doctor, but I've never seen a reason to demean someone with Down syndrome. In fact, I've often found people with such disabilities sweet and warm-hearted. I guess many of them is good people.

Still, I didn't want to share a room—with him or anyone else.

When that boy stepped out briefly, I pulled out my dick and pissed on his bed.
Why? Well, one, I had to piss, and two, I figured causing some more trouble might land me a private room for the remaining day or two. Plus, it passed the time creatively.
Might as well tell some psychotic inmate I was his government handler, too, just for fun.

Once finished, I left the room and sipped tea in the hallway.
My roommate returned briefly, then exited again—apparently unable to sleep.
Who would've thought, right?

He spotted me in the hall and asked, "You okay?"

I flashed him a warm smile. "Yeh. You?"

He nodded. Good heart on that kid. Neither of us mentioned the incident. God bless him.

And God bless me too—cause the next day, they finally let me out this bitch.

So this evening, too, had its own charm, its own atmosphere and energy.
From rage to serenity and calm.

Atmosphere can be steady, yet fundamentally shift in such a way that its diversity becomes even more evident. I know this.

At noon, you might press a blade to some fool's throat or a glock to their temple—or watch as one of your peeps does it for you.
But maybe that same evening, you're dressed sharply, enveloped in elegant ambiance, seated with a well-dressed, educated woman, discussing the possible origins and influences of pagan shamanism within modern Tibetan Buddhism, or the connection between intimacy and honesty, or whatever else.
And there's champagne or Chardonnay, fine chocolates, and good sex.

Days and evenings like these are no stranger to me:
The essence, the foundation of that atmosphere, that energy, remained the same—yet its manifestation and expression shifted with the movements and vibrations of moments, seconds, minutes, and hours.
Atmosphere and energy are expressions of the most intense love.
Yet the expressions and vibrations of that love are diverse, colorful, flexible, and dynamic—even as its core essence endures.

Not long ago, I was in a bar and then a club with a few friends.
We drank a little, smoked more, ended up hanging out on the street with a group of women and guys and their friends, made a few acquaintances, and had a good time.
That was it. Good music, good atmosphere, good conversation. No trouble, no nothin.

Does this have anything to do with power? Indirectly, everything probably does.
But here, I'm mainly concerned with the fact that everything vibrates, everything emits energy and absorbs or lends it again. You just have to be able to see it.
You have to be able to love it. And everyone can—humans, animals, plants, the stars. Even art, culture, and various objects, elements, processes, and cells within the micro- and macrocosm. In clarity and subtlety. Somewhere, it all has its own harmonious meaning.

POWER FOR THE SAKE OF SELF

When you do something for yourself, you better do it in a clear way. For yourself.
Power can open all possible positive and negative emotional worlds and atmospheres of the external world. To be powerful means to use power for yourself.
And that, too, in the most banal, simplest forms. For example, one must survive.

I once read that parts of my ancestors were supposedly cannibals.
And I say: Could be. Because as a mixed person, I have ancestors from almost all, if not all, continents. And as already said, every continent is drenched in blood.
Because I, too, once bit into a person's skin and swallowed a tiny piece of flesh along with their blood. I didn't do this out of hunger or even culinary pleasure, and I can't really claim that I tasted anything special besides blood—since it wasn't much skin—but I can claim that I would eat people if I had to. That's just facts.

And anyone who claims otherwise would be straight cappin on yo ass.
If I had to, I would eat people of every kind, every age, every origin, and every variety—with all sorts of spices, sauces, herbs, potatoes, carrots, fruits, and vegetables.
But do I desperately want to eat a humana? Hell nah, nigga.
But it‘s about survival. Everyone would eat people if it came down to survival.

And I assume that if there really were cannibals among my ancestors, they combined cannibalism with the belief that they could absorb the power of the people they slaughtered.
Because we know stories of sacrifices among the indigenous or primordial gods of every single continent.
And we have evidence and findings of slaughtering, consuming, fighting, and robbing other people—or animals—on every continent as well.
It‘s human.
To survive is part of life and death. This has been a fact since the beginning—before humanity, during the birth of humanity among other Stone Age human-like beings, and with the rise and fall of all ancient, modern, and future civilizations.
The savagery of the universe is fundamental.
This explains itself. Nowadays, sometimes a person belongs in the trunk.
So every living being is a predator of life and death.
You too.

One evening, not too long ago, when cash was tight, I decided to go out and get it from somewhere else. So I’m on my grind, right? I went out creepin.
In dark streets, masked, I ambushed a couple.
I stopped them and politely suggested they let me relieve them of their financial burden.
Or the tool in my hand would settle things.
Now, all this might sound worse than it is.
I ain’t no gangsta. No thug, no extremist, no fanatic, no cult weirdo, no lunatic, no friend of religion or atheism, and I ain’t no advocate for any political or dogmatic ideology.
Though mass media ironically loves romanticizing those types, it’s often those very people who crash hardest—ending up as lifers, homeless, junkies.
I seen that shit firsthand. None of that has anything to do with me though.
I just do what I gotta do. And in my city, in my hood, shit happens.
You gotta stay sharp and move fast.
So the guy stammered, shook as hell. They admitted they didn’t have much.
I cracked a few jokes to loosen them up, right? Assured them I wouldn’t hurt them unless they tried something stupid, and told them we were family. It’s all family.
Took their petty cash. Before the guy could fumble for loose change, I clapped him on the shoulder, thanked that boy, said it was enough.

It wasn’t enough. But survival means moving pieces in this world.
Gotta survive, right?
Minutes later, behind a bush, I ambushed another couple.
No idea why it was couples that night. Must’ve been some weird coincidence.

Grabbed the guy by the neck, flashed something sharp, made it clear:
Where that mone at?
The woman screamed they had none.
So I locked the guy's throat and shoulder with both arms, waving the blade around.
His bitch stood shrieking.
Adrenaline kicked in—the man jerked up, so I clung to him like a big cat on a buffalo, laughing as chaos erupted. It was kinda funny, really. Kinda slapstick.

Then he dropped, taking me down with him.
His girl swung a champagne bottle at my head—missed me and him by a hair.
I rolled, sprang up.
He was still down. Tried to stomp his skull. He rolled. My boot hit pavement.
Before he could stand, I slashed air toward his face—he dodged. Both ran.

Nearby, a group of teens scattered—all but one, left behind packing his stuff.
I called, „Ay! You got cash?"
I moved slow. Still masked.
He yelled back, "Do it look like I got cash?"
I paused, scanned the scene. Too many lights, too many streets.
Too much heat in one spot at the same time. Too much risk.
Flicked the blade in a go-motion.
He left. So did I. Opposite directions.

Other raids were often far more successful, yet comparatively unspectacular and undoubtedly less amusing. But I never walked away empty-handed.
You either take profit—or you take fear or pain. You gotta make a lick sometimes.
It's either money or blood, or both. But you don't leave with nothing. You get paid, right?

Back then, it was also part of the deal to spread a certain atmosphere of uncertainty in the area. Because a coarsening was taking hold, fueled by gentrification, increased tourism, and other problematic aspects of the economy.
Fear and panic alone can trigger a lot. Mere presence, too.
Same goes for a weapon that cuts or shoots. Though if it shoots, its noise and weight draw attention. Better to file off the serial number—or just the markings of an initial-engraved gas gun. In any case, you should keep it secured when possible, only unlock it when necessary, and in the end, make it disappear. Stay strapped but ditch the weight, nigga.
Better to rely on simpler methods or tools—or best of all, your own body and mind. If you're masked, cover your eyebrows too. A shaved head and gloves are advisable. Ideally, you stand in no direct relation to the target and don't spend much time on it.
Especially if there's a chance of being seen.

You can obscure tracks and trails in different ways.
So you'd skulk around now and then, stirring up some unrest. Sometimes alone, sometimes with others. But rarely was there ever an economic or social motive behind it.
Survival was the main reason. Bread and profit.

That’s basically always the case.

Early on, my understanding of people and experience taught me that my looks help me get laid faster. My aura—or at least my rhetoric, certain behaviors, or gestures—helps too.
So what do I do? I use both to get laid quicker.

Common sense.

You use your means, your talents, or skills.
Everyone does, more or less. Because that’s the obvious "politics" of the game.

None of this is a secret.

Much of what unfolds within society's game is blatant "politics."
I recall meetings among groups, tied to larger or more notorious factions and networks, where plans were made to remove, attack, or rob certain individuals for various reasons.

So it happens that one evening at a party, you might slip into the bathroom to snort a few lines of coke—only for the door to swing open, revealing an unknown, possibly masked figure who immediately unleashes raw, precise, or bluntly calculated violence, with or without tools, plunging their target into a world of agony or death.
Because that intruder might’ve been sent—and paid. Or you vanish entirely. Or it’s ruled an "accident," a suicide. Or your remains are found scattered across different corners of the earth. It’s never about politics. It’s about life, survival, and death.
So-called "politics" is often nothing but a means to an end.
The end being survival or profit. Yeah, absurdly complex agendas exist within this societal system, but the foot soldiers of those agendas, like most of humanity, work merely to pay bills or scrape together extra. Even the heads behind these schemes often push their agendas for utterly banal motives—either nonsensical justifications or, again, just ways to pay bills or pocket a little more.

I’ve often wondered why some people are so paranoid.
Betrayal, deceit, crime, ambush, tyranny, and conspiracy are as human, everyday, and mundane as honor, love, empathy, directness, support, and balance.

We see all of it in the simplest, most primitive forms of human interaction. It explains itself.
So I live by the law of nature and the clarity of rational thought. Because I’m no madman or criminal. And if I were? Then it wouldn’t matter—cause then we all are.
So we all belong either in freedom or locked away.

The masses should sooner ask themselves by what laws they live, rather than branding those who question those laws as outlaws.

Because no one does anything for anyone without getting something in return.

There’s always a benefit—whether it’s survival, emotion, psychology, money, sex, or ideology. Even acts of so-called selflessness aren’t truly selfless.

And so it all circles back to power—for the sake of the self.
No matter how complex it may seem.

Long before, I learned from sessions with therapists where I told all sorts of lies, acted remorseful, and promised I would improve.
You get a feel for how these people express themselves—how they can at least appear authentic in their so-called understanding and professional demeanor, these psychiatrists or therapists.
But you can also pick up a few things from the behavior of people who genuinely suffer from their own actions. You can pretend to be "working on yourself" and improving, just so society leaves you alone—so them niggas stop harassing you with punishments, doubts, interventions, or other lame shit.

You can use all these things to your advantage in other profitable ways, independent of society’s rules, punishments, and laws.

At one point, I even wanted to become a psychoanalyst, humanities scholar, or psychologist. But my academic performance wasn’t even close to sufficient, and I likely would’ve made a terrible humanities scholar anyway. My interest, in the end, just wasn’t strong enough.
Still, I used to claim from time to time that I was a psychology student—which was never true—and people believed me. I never studied. I didn’t even finish highschool.

People also bought that I was a good listener, gave solid advice, and could be very accommodating. Maybe I was. Maybe not. I guess it depends on the circumstances.

Life is interesting sometimes. Right here, in these words that adorn this manifesto, I’m reminded of things I’d completely forgotten.
And then I think: Oh, right—that did happen. Nearly slipped my mind.

For instance, I was once a regular and a familiar face at a small shopkeeper’s place.
He was a middle-aged man who enjoyed smoking weed from time to time.
I supplied him with some.
Eventually, I was selling to him more regularly.
Then, at some point—around Christmas—I mentioned to him that the holidays were coming up and hinted that I was short on cash for family gifts.
You can probably guess where this is going.
He lent me some money. Not a small amount. I thanked him, lingered in his shop a little longer—some small talk—took the cash, and that’s it.
Never went back to his shop again. Think he went broke some day so his shop gone anyway.
That was quick money though. Few hundred bucks. Things like that happen—it’s normal.
Normal covers a lot. Me, you, all of us are normal. At least, that’s how I’ve always understood it. Or maybe we’re all crazier than we think. That’s just how the world is.

Nobody’s perfect, but there’s a place for everyone—somewhere in freedom, in the heart of everything, or whatever. Merry Christmas.

And I’m tellin y‘al, my dear brothers and sisters:
Take what you want. Whether by your own hand, through strangers, acquaintances, friends, or family. Find ways. Smooth ones, cunning ones, raw or brutal. Gentle, friendly, threatening, or loose. And let the power flow. Play powerfully—but play for yourself.

Do what you love, if you must, but be sure you actually love it.
Otherwise, what’s the damn point? There’s gotta be a reward.
In some form. People don’t do things for no reason.

I’m no advocate for money, no friend to it.
If it were up to me, money wouldn’t exist—or if it did, its value would be negligible, repurposed. But in this capitalist world, I, too, must survive—and enjoy.
Same as all potential forms of nature, society, civilization, or wilderness.
So there are always ways.

Many take paths they’d otherwise avoid.
That’s something I could never do—never will do.
I only do what I’d fundamentally do anyway.
I won’t act against my own interests. I won’t disgust myself.
So I reserve the privilege of only engaging in what’s profitable and—at the very least—interesting, fun, tolerable, or lucrative.

Here, in this city, in this society, I’ve learned that it’s better to sell more often than to buy.
It’s nicer to rarely go out for purchases—and far more often to go out for sales.
In even better, though not always possible cases, your purchases get delivered—while you sell through delivery, never leaving home.
But every method has trade-offs.
And let’s not forget: the world exists so we can visit its many places—to know them, to learn them, to travel them. Fail to do that, and you’re not far from those isolated figures who only step out to run errands, move from A to B, rely on transit, and ultimately barricade themselves in their caves while life passes them by.
In a world like this, too many neglect the capabilities of their own bodies—their flexibility, their speed, their potential.

It remains wise to use one's existing physical and mental abilities for oneself.

About a year ago, I had to go fetch my bread again.
Snorting coke is less profitable than selling coke. And I never liked snorting coke.
That’s why I never did much of it. But coke and "coke"—like every possible substance—has its own value in this society. And its corresponding clientele. That’s why "coke", personally, is just as uninteresting to me as actual coke.
When the streets talk about coke, most of the time, it’s "just" "coke“.

The underworld feeds on every layer, scene, and form of society, regardless of influence, status, financial means, origin, or type. It's an all-encompassing force.
With "coke", the clientele skews toward junkies and problematic personalities, and you're already not far from graveyards, underworlds, meth, heroin, crackhouses, and fentanyl.
With coke, it's similar—just "more elitist", with the same underworlds, purer meth, purer heroin, and more suit-wearers, celebrities, hypocrites, weaklings, ass-kissers, chomos, agents, politicians, and the wealthy. You know what it is: Often, ordinary citizens, the global majority, and even so-called lower-class folk are far more interesting, complex, strong, and profound than all them pseudo-elitist cliques and individuals among the well-off and influential figures in media and public life.
Still, in both cases—with coke and "coke"—it's better to be prepared for self-defense.

By any means necessary, at any time, against any potential threat.

Because thieves, fraudsters, plugs, whores, robbers, gangsters, crooked cops, junkies, and all kinds of other nocturnal nuisances—you encounter them with much gentler substances, too. And sometimes, they don't reveal themselves at first glance.
So you stay relaxed, but alert, active, and ready for fun, profit, and violence in one.

I enjoy being sociable. But there are some who try to get something without paying for it. And so I've also run into addicts or parasites who tried to snort white without paying. Naturally, that can't happen. There has to be some profit in it. That much is obvious.
But in certain situations, it's best not to draw too much attention to yourself. So you make it clear to bothersome people that, no matter how badly they want or need something, you won't let yourself get fucked over—and you won't hesitate to let violence do the talking if they don't back the fuck off.

And so we all stay cool, go our separate ways, and don't stand in each other's path.
It's all good.

So I'll tell you again, my friend and reader:

Do what you want, enjoy it, profit from it, and stay independent.

And be honest with yourself. If you have to lie, lie. If you have to cheat, cheat.
But be honest with yourself.

This manifesto won't get clout. It remains underground.

That's how it's supposed to be. It's very unlikely that it can be seen on a larger scale.
But even if we claimed otherwise, and you met me on the street and asked if I was the author of this manifesto—even if I knew you—I would ask what you meant.
I would lie to you. If someone found out, I could say these things were fiction. Or art. Or satire. Or a fucking think tank, a social experiment, a thought experiment, promotion, marketing, advertising, or whatever. Who knows?

And if some fool claimed to have written this manifesto, I would say nothing. I'd let him. Cause power does not lie in some weird pride, some clout-chasing, fame, recognition or whatever. C'mon, man.

True power is power for the sake of the self. True power is cutthroat.
For your survival, your pleasure, your persistence, your utility, your entertainment. For you.
But don't do it too often, in the same form at the same time. Keep your eyes open.
But be in the here and now. Aware, free from fear or hesitation, yet intuitive, quick, and flexible.

Long as you know who you are, do what you want, handle the consequences, and can love yourself as well as the outside world, it really don't matter if others know who you are—long as you use your strength for yourself. For the bare self. Not for an ideology, not for trends, values, or organizations, but for you and your own conviction of yourself.

And for your own pleasure, of course.

ON THE PRINCIPLE OF LOYALTY

One can only be truly powerful when remaining fully loyal exclusively to oneself.
Otherwise, one surrenders their power through loyalty to the external world.
Yet this does not mean one cannot be loyal.
But the loyalty one holds toward another person, a group, a value system, or even an object should always be secondary in nature.
Thus, any loyalty to others comes only after loyalty to oneself.

I know honest—and therefore righteous—war as an expression of principle, self-defense, dominion, message, or loyalty.
Where blood flows, the truth of flesh reveals itself through the sharpness of spirit and the movement of universal power.
For as already stated, the eternal flow of power is both creative and transformative as well as destructive, both spiritual and carnal, both visible and invisible.

Honor your inner circle.
But even here, be prepared to let go, cast out, or destroy what turns against you.
There are a few individuals, very few, whom I truly value and respect. On God.
This could be equated with loyalty.
But for me, it is more a matter of principle.
Almost selflessly, I am willing to do much for these select few.
And without question, I support, love, and defend them in every way—so long as it lies within the scope of my capability.
In general, there's many reasons to rip apart anybody. Cause nobody's innocent.
So even when it comes to myself, I use the same force against others.
The same one I'm using when I'm empowering my people.
Thus, I too recall moments when old friends were wronged.

And I snapped, ready to destroy everything—man, woman, child, or beast—for the sake of vengeance, for the sake of defending my circle, my family, my brothers, my sisters, my kin, my closest. And here too, I was willing to bear the consequences.
Yet, in all honesty, I'm doing it all for myself, really.

Once upon a time, an brobro asked me to come along when he needed my help for a handoff. I agreed.

But plans changed, and he had to meet them early.
He told me he could handle it alone and that it'd be done quick. But it wasn't, right?

After the meet, my friend told me he'd been played.
Two armed men in a car talked him into handing over the money upfront—then vanished before delivering the goods. In short, he got fuckin robbed. By some fraudulent ass niggas.

But my nigga knew the guy who set up the deal between him and those two scammers. Meaning that acquaintance had to be in on it. Had I been there, it wouldn't have happened.

Even though I don't deal with that friend anymore, we parted ways peacefully. We cool. And because I still remember that middleman's face, I swore to cuz I'd settle the score. I stand by that. Why? Principle.
However, if I see my old friend again, maybe I'd make sure to make him remember the times I got his back. And if he'd turn out to act difficult, then that old friend will pay. It is what it is. So we good. As long as we good. I could dip a shank into a person's carotid artery without any anger, sadness, fear, hatred, joy, love or whatever. Either you get it, or you don't. People come and go. And when they gone for good, that's it. They disappear.
Same goes for opps. Where they at though? Allahu Alam.

About eight years ago, Hermana's ex started stalking and threatening her.
My mother told me to call the cops.
Ion call no cops though.
Instead, I grabbed my jacket and went out to handle it myself.
I did it cause I'd rather de-escalate with my own hands.
Mi Madre called them anyway. To each his own. You gotta do what you gotta do.

Long story short: My sister's ex ran away before I—or the cops—could get there.

I'm loyal to nothing and no one except myself.
Yet at the same time, I respect and uphold my principles.
I don't snitch. On principle.
I support my kin. On principle.
I don't call the cops. On principle—even though I've got cops in the family.
I don't steal from friends. On principle. The only laws of the Trap are clear.

If I work with like-minded allies, I don't betray them.

But if they betray me, I don't just betray them back—I might go a little further.

If a friend, a loved one, a partner, or even family turns against me, I erase them—friend, loved one, partner, or family. If not, I'd at least try.

When honest, close relationships of any kind end in war or betrayal, a former friend, family member, lover, or ally becomes a victim or an opp.
Ain't no mercy when it comes to victims and enemies.

Opps and victims of all kinds are broken until nothing remains. War tastes sweet.
So bring death, terror, and ruin into their lives. Shatter what they love most.
Crush their living elders. Defile the graves of their fallen ancestors. Chase em.
Til their fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, cousins, sons, daughters and friends are deceased. Ruin them in flesh, mind, and soul. Throw the end upon whole bloodlines.

Cause above all, when the enemy or victim is someone who was once close—someone you knew—it's wise to stay true to your principles.

You let the flames take em.

Trapped between the stars of heavenly vengeance or ecstasy and hellish torment or frenzy, I unleash all elements of universal cruelty, shattering and devouring the bodies and spirits of prey, victims, and opps. All them bitches must suffer.

And it's like a symphony of karma, a loveplay of battling and balancing natural forces, right?

Yet it's not always advisable to inflict direct violence upon those one knows or once knew well. Sometimes, it is wiser to let others do it for you. Or at least to behave so indirectly that neither the victim nor the enemy—nor their acquaintances or family—can anticipate it.

In most cases, however, one can simply let it the fuck be and move on.

If a former friend proves unproblematic, one should simply let them go their way. For it would be petty, stupid, and utterly childish to cause trouble for someone merely because contact between you has ceased.

And so, up to now, I've never had to apply any form of violence to a former intimate after our paths diverged.

For my principle resembles unconditional love:

I love, I let love, I live, and I let live. That's what it is, nigga. I live by the law of love.
And I'm pretty much cool with everybody, no matter if friend or stranger. It's all good.

Therefore, friendship is another form of respect or love.

I must admit that there was hardly—if any—woman in my own circle of friends whom I didn't fuck at some point. These friendships, between me and certain women, ended in almost every case sooner or later, but we enjoyed them nonetheless. Cause I gave em good dick, that's why. All of this, however, is a different matter and has far less to do with friendship and much more with attractiveness and sexual or romantic attraction—which, naturally, occurred and still occurs mostly outside my circle of friends.
Thus, that's another story altogether.

Undoubtedly, my love has not always been gentle.
Undoubtedly, I was often not entirely kind to those closest to me.
Yet just as undoubtedly is the fact that I remain true to my principles—respecting and supporting those with whom I share a harmonious and sincere closeness or friendship, standing by them as long as they stand by me.
Because my principle is honest.
Relationships exist solely because both parties benefit from said relationship.
But only a fool would see nothing more in it than mere transaction.
It's not about transaction.
It's about the sincerity and directness of relationship, communication, and interaction.
To those close to me, I make my principle clear. Always. One way or another.

To honor, appreciate, motivate, defend, strengthen, and entertain a good friend, a close family member, or a special lover is just as noble as doing these things for oneself.
Yet it is truly noble only when done out of principle, not loyalty. And that's a fact.
Because loyalty is foolish, tribalistic, meaningless, and easily manipulated.
Out of loyalty, dumb little boys march off to the wars of the rich and let themselves be slaughtered by other dumb little boys. While religious and political folk from all nations make profits, lying to them niggas, trynna confuse and distract them with some other shit.
It ain't never been different in this society of ours. Laws of loyalty dictate nothing.
There's only the law of the self. The law of love. And the law of pure power.

About a year ago, I was out with a group of friends—though none of them were my closest friends. They were more like acquaintances, the kind you spontaneously make while drinking and rarely see otherwise.

We were a mixed bunch—mostly brown and black folk, along with some bigger and smaller thugs, a few whites, and others. Among us was a somewhat run-down, skinny white boy who hung around with some fat gypsy fuck that was kinda aight though.

I suppose there's a reason they call his kind crackas in the states, cause nature has proven time and again that so-called "crackers" tend to "crack"—that is, break—sooner than the older ethnicities of our beautiful planet.

Don't get me wrong, my friend and reader, personally, I've got all kinds of friends from all kinds of ethnic backgrounds in my circle. I'm also neither a dangerous nor particularly violent individual. I know what I'm doing. At all times.

So, hair color, skin color, and origin mean absolutely nothing to me. I only mention this little amusing anecdote because said young man of Anglo-Saxon descent wasn't entirely right in the head—something that nearly led to a kind of intercultural confrontation.

The actual drug Crack probably helped this cracka "crack," because that boy was missing a few teeth, had sunken cheeks, and spent the whole night spittin bullshit. He asked me where I was from and rattled off a list of ethnicities—either due to his lack of education and intuition, or perhaps because I've often been mistaken for people of different ethnicities, nations, and cultures from various continents. It's all good though.

But that petit pute also spouted some half-assed shit about the so-called Aryans—who are, in reality, mosly brown-skinned Indians and Persians—and rambled nonsense about old Norse mythology, unaware that it isn't even particularly ancient. So I schooled that boy a little on his so-called Odin, his pseudo-historical half-knowledge, and other shit.
I didn't always necessarily do it in a respectful tone, but I kept things smooth and friendly.
I joked with my colleagues and with him too. But throughout history, many humans got smoked over way more minor shit, right?
We were a mixed group from all over the world with different backgrounds.
The guy handed out coke and drinks. That's how it is with junkies—they take every opportunity in company to get blasted. So we tolerated the boy in our nightly street community in the big city. In our circle, some were affiliated with various smaller and/or larger—and in some cases, international— „gangs and factions".

Crackhead-Blondie claimed, among other things, that he was at least affiliated with two rival factions, one of which supposedly belonged to the so-called neo-Nazis.
Naturally, I don't think much of the idiocy of nationalist ideology, and certainly nothing of fascist or xenophobic tendencies of that kind.
This didn't sit well with some, and they made it clear to him that further talk would have consequences. Some dude called him a pig, some bitch called that junkie straight trash.

At some point, the situation escalated when young cracka suddenly assumed he could talk like a Moreno, like an Arab, like a Black guy, like a Latino, like a Real Nigga or whoever else. Some of us friendly folk—Black, brown, and white—got ready to put hands on his monkey ass.

It's understandable that some of my colleagues had a problem with having to listen to this white boy claim he had the right, through his behavior and language, to practice cultural appropriation—or rather, cultural theft. Such topics are settled differently in this kind of environment, unlike, say, among intellectuals, artists, or debate enthusiasts.

At the time, though, all I wanted was some peace, to drink a little more, snort a little more, smoke a few more joints, and maybe turn a small profit—after all, I had once aced a state aptitude test for studying business economics and marketing, tied to business training.

It was the weekend. A lot of people were out. That night I been sippin so much, bitches thought my name Jack Daniels.
Besides, I could've used Whiteboi for a quick stickup on the side. He was an idiot who could be easily persuaded or exploited. So I decided to step in and defuse the argument.

One of my Morenos criticized me for it. I understood his perspective, but I explained mine, and he got it.

Whiteboy turned out to be too much of a nuisance. A few hours later, a group of Akhis whooped that cracka ass, and he ended up in a cell.
A few hours after that, I woke up in my apartment, missing some cash.
My thoughts landed on that white trash, that Marranito. I'd been robbed.
I also heard he was the father of a four-year-old girl and that his Babymama was, naturally, just another white trash junkie. This world can be an ugly place for real.
So I called his albino ass up that same morning and threatened to have his bitch brutally passed around by several men before selling his daughter off in another country for good money. On principle. And over them bills.
One could carve Swastikas into his bitch body, stick her head down the toilet, fuck her nasty cunt and trade his girl for some Black Tar Heroin, which we could slang to his junkie friends if they could afford that shit. One could simply blast that motherfucker dome off.
Or send his bitch to them black supremacist niggas that love getting violent and abusive on a white bitch. We'd dress that bitch up, make her humiliate herself, maybe film that shit, carve her up and cover her in symbols, insults, wounds, cum, piss and shit.
Cause little junkie ass redneck ass whiteboy didn't seem to know much about history—about that white slavery, about that multiracial and multiethnic moorish „barbarism" with centuries of massacring and trafficking and transporting that pale ass circassian ass cracker-fuckmeat. But we don't wanna go there, do we?
All continents and nations are drenched in blood.
Therefore, all cultures, nations and ethnicities remain equally disposable.
And they all share the same ancestors: the fathers and mothers of man that came to be, surrounded by the sweet savagery of earth and the stars among it.
You gotta be ready to pull up on everyone: white, brown, black, yellow, red or fuckin green. Male, female, lgbtq, young, old, human, machine, animal. It don't matter. Anyone can get it. I ain't no damn bigot. This right here is for all my niggas, all my crackas, all my spics, all my towelheads, all my kikes, all my chinks, all my squaws, all my dagos, all my gypsies, all my curries, all my mongrels, all my people, right? This right here is for nature itself.
So anyways…Blondie never picked up the phone. So I just left some friendly voicemails.

I found the missing cash in another pocket later that same day. The junkie hadn't stolen from me after all. I'd just misplaced the money. Oh, well.
Still, that little junkie boy was a little bitch who talked too much and ran away anyhow.

About three weeks ago, I found out through a colleague that this drug-addicted paleface had completely deteriorated on the streets as a homeless person.
None of it mattered, because my money wasn't stolen after all.

And that cracka-ass-gringo-ass-junkie-ass-bum-ass-nigga was where he belonged.
Got cooked. So the problem resolved itself. Peace.

I whooped ass, I robbed, I sabotaged, and tyrannized for myself, for a close and special lover and female friend, for other friends, for a community, for family.
I started wars, I defended, I lied, I cheated, and I stole.
And I wouldn't change any of it if I could turn back time.
I like certain musicians, artists, and other individuals. And I have no problem with any bystander, cop, lawyer or even criminal who minds their own goddamn business.
But if those individuals be flexin too much and happen to be near me, it's possible I'll completely ignore this—just to take what's rightfully mine.
All them goofy ass fools flossin on them niggas. They be doin the most. And I seen some shit.
Niggas actin like they ballin, working their job as a cashier or some shit while slangin some dope on the side.
Then they start acting up, flexin like they some O.Gs, starting to rap or invent some bitch ass image for themselves. Til a real nigga takes it all away from them. Or until they end up in prison, surrrounded by real criminals, not just some goofy ass hos acting like they're thugs cause they been slanging a little weed while hustling on they lame ass job.
That's laughable to me. Don't act all hard when it ain't you. Be yourself, nigga.
Just take what's yours and keep your mouth shut.
If I smash a musician's, an artist's, an average citizen's, or a hardened criminal's goddamn skull with a baseball bat, a fire extinguisher, a crowbar, a hammer, or some other heavy object before taking their gold, I do it without any hesitation.
If that person happens to make good music, I might even listen to their tracks afterward while counting they money. And I do it all for myself.
I do things for myself and for the outside world.
Because I follow my nature—by nature and by principle.
Maybe that principle is nothing more than „what's-mine-is-mine". But that don't matter.
As long as its truthful, honest about itself. So I stay true to myself at all times.

About three years ago, I befriended some former mercenary.
He was at least twenty-five years older than me, a criminal, an alcoholic, and a coke addict who already suffered from recurring psychoses when I met him.
This man was also taking some kind of pills for psychosis and anxiety.
But since I saw him as a colleague, we planned a few business ventures.
We met up a few times, smoked some joints, did some coke, and talked about everything under the sun.

The guy, however, turned out to be completely inept and drew too much legal attention.
Like many mercenaries and paramilitary types, he wasn't particularly bright either. Most of those guys are only good for blindly following orders. This one couldn't even do that. But that wasn't the problem—that's fine. The real issue was his psychotic paranoia.

After a minor confrontation, I had to teach that psycho some manners—through psychological attacks, a few physical and mental assaults, and the gentler forms of psychological warfare and brainwashing techniques.
Eventually, not too long ago, he got thrown out of his apartment.

Where he is now is unclear. I assume he's back behind bars or even dead, since he was suffering from a terminal illness anyway and was still addicted to cocaine.
He also had a son, roughly my age.
Maybe a tragic case. And yet, it was unavoidable.
Because people like him tend to throw themselves into their own destruction.

So what do we learn from this? We learn that principle is nobler than loyalty.
Moments can be interpreted as loyal or disloyal.
But principle is clear. Principle cannot be misinterpreted. Principle is straight and unambiguous.

So where is true love? In understanding—and wanting to understand—yourself and others, the inner and outer world. In being at peace with yourself and others. In wanting—and thus effortlessly being—fully present for yourself and the world, without forcing it through some false ideology tied to some insane notion of "loyalty."
True love is honesty—toward yourself and your surroundings, toward the outer world.

True love lies in the gentleness of the principle toward oneself and others.
Anyone can love. From tyrants to politicians, fraudsters, thieves, and other criminals like the Mafiosi, cartel or gang bosses, triads, and the Yakuza—all the way to the do-gooders, the moral crusaders, the freedom fighters, the artists, the comedians, the everyday individuals, the highly beloved, or the deeply despised.
Love, then, is nothing special. Animals can love. I'm sure bacteria love in some way or another, in some form.

But humans like to reconcile their love, construct it, and mix it with a sense of loyalty, ideology, or morality.
Tears, battles, support, warmth, gentleness, and even harshness have no meaning in loyalty. But for the principle, all tears, all battles, all support, any warmth, any gentleness, any compassion, and any harshness are worth their weight in gold.

Because power, authenticity, sincerity, closeness, love, and majesty are not found in loyalty. They are found in the principle of being, of action, of interaction, of transaction, and reaction. This is the warmth and fire of unconditional love.
This is the truth of friendship, connection, and family.
This is the power of the principle. And the gold of true loyalty.

THE POWER OF SANITY AND INSANITY

True power reigns through its cunning. By sense, madness, nonsense, and deception.

But how can one envision this?
We speak of a power older than science, religion, culture, art, humanity, the Earth, and the universe itself.

If I am more or less "forced" to undergo psychiatric therapy due to arbitrary orders, I may yet turn this to my advantage.
Finding an escape ain’t always impossible.

Maybe I’ll let some professional clown slap a diagnosis on me—one that keeps me safe from repercussions in certain moments, under certain circumstances. Sometimes they even hand out prescription drugs you can take yourself or pass along. So maybe I’ll spin another tall tale and let them stick me with some label.
ADHD, bipolar disorder, some combo deal, PTSD, an addiction or impulse-control thing, psychosis, or whatever else—could be harmless, paradoxical, contradictory, or just misunderstood. It don‘t matter. Long as you can work it to your advantage.

Ladies and gentlemen, in this world, you’ve got to understand the facts—the way society really operates.

There were moments—dealing with different people—when I realized my behavior might come across as contradictory, painting a paradoxical picture of myself.
I didn’t always do it on purpose. Sometimes more, sometimes less.
But as long as I got what I wanted, the image it created didn’t much matter.
With strangers, acquaintances, friends, or family—under various circumstances, in different situations—I did wildly different things, all of which together probably formed a pretty strange impression of me.
Maybe something like a complex personality.
Depending on the case, people saw me as complicated, misunderstood, brilliant, creative, insane, good, evil, rational, unpredictable, normal, laid-back, cool, neutral—whatever.
None of it was necessarily planned.

But there are all kinds of ways in all kinds of situations to get whatever you want. You learn these things as a child.
In such matters, you simply adjust the picture—twist it, replace it, complicate it, or sharpen it—whenever people start doubting or noticing contradictions. This way, it makes sense again. Because the complexity of individual personality will support you in this.
The truth is one. But it is also manifold. It holds potential and creativity. It holds manifestation—many paths, detours, and escapes.
Around age twenty, I was getting ready for a threesome with a couple of hoes.
After weeks of messin round, one of em confessed she was a cop. That wasn’t a problem for me. They were both fine, but I was more interested in her friend.
Then, at some point, things shifted—they asked me to bring some drugs. For partying, you know? I sensed betrayal brewing, postponed meetups, and feigned erratic thinking in our chats. I even admitted I'd been committed to psych wards a few times.
Eventually, the whole thing fizzled out. A few weeks later, better options came along.

In some other random and mundane situation in a different city where I lived at the time, a pizza delivery guy mistook me for some dude with a completely different name. Before that, I'd used all sorts of fake names for various reasons. But after that incident, I started using that name too. Now and then. Depending.
Because if I ever do something that might be problematic for me, in the end, it's the other guy who's to blame—maybe just because I used his name and he happens to look a little like me. Who he is doesn't matter.
Because man makes his world, with all its names and definitions, values and countless systems, into a tangled mess where the individual can exploit the weaknesses of the collective.
In a world like that, there's only freedom or death.
Of course, I deceive and manipulate, twist and confuse to survive in such a world. Because that's my nature. I'd rather kill myself or be executed on the spot than live shackled in a way I can't and won't.

You can only be like this if you were born for it.

Many can allow themselves to be controlled, many can serve, and many can toil hard for absolutely nothing. And in this, there may be strength, discipline, a noble bearing. Yet in this, there may also be weakness and false humility and meaningless sacrifice and servitude. But life is not made for the living being to serve the external world.
Life is made to be experienced, lived, mastered, and enjoyed by the living being—in pure or even adventurous, but above all, in intense ways.
What this means for the masses and the individual is up to the masses and the individual themselves.

POWER FOR THE SAKE OF POWER

Because existence exists, the meaning and purpose of existence is existence itself.
It is through itself.
And because it simply is through itself, its force reveals itself through the plain yet intense, pure being. Spontaneously. Automatically. Naturally.
The same goes for power. Here, power is freed from the motive of the self. For just as there is power for the sake of the self, there is power for the sake of power itself.
Somewhere, desire, pleasure, ecstasy, and suffering are intertwined.

THE MESSAGE

The ruler of it all solely remains power itself—in its grace and ecstasy.
Power wills to be, because power is. And so power is as power must be: powerful.
Because power is older than space and time, power remains immortal.
In will, in motion, in energy. In every organism.
In every creature, in every birth, in every life, in every death, in every single damn existence.
And thus, ladies and gentlemen, power reveals itself in the grace and majesty of intense, all-encompassing being. Peace.